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LORD BACON AS NATURAL PHILOSOPHER.

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PART II.

THE essential character of new fruitful thoughts is often recognisable by the fact that they are in opposition to those of the day, and that often a long opposition precedes their adoption. The most striking example is the reception which Newton's doctrine met with in England. Forty years after the first edition of his immortal work, the system of Descartes was still taught, as the only true one, at the English universities; nor did Newton live to see his doctrines represented at Cambridge, where he so long had been a teacher. It is true it had grown the fashion to praise his learning, and occasionally to seem proud of him as an ornament of his country; but his doctrines and calculations were hardly known or disseminated; and it was not until 1718 that Samuel Clarke was enabled, by stratagem, to introduce Newton's ideas into the lecture-rooms of the university, by giving them as notes to a compendium of a Cartesian work on physics.

How different was the reception which Bacon's writings found! Not one of his explanations had the misfortune to be opposed; so entirely were they in unison with the popular views of the ignorant crowd, that in them each one recognised his own. His convenient natural philosophy, requiring neither profound preparatory knowledge nor any particular exertion, could not fail to be applauded and to be propagated. To reject tradi-

tion, faith in authority, and all that had been handed down from former times, was in accordance with the spirit of the century in which Bacon lived: a thirst after more extended knowledge had been awakened, and the cup that was now to quench it was so beautifully adorned, and offered, too, by so high a hand! How, then, could it fail of acceptance? His Essays made Bacon one of the most popular authors in England; and for so ingenious a man no aim, however high, seemed unattainable. But the fame his works procured him was not based on the recognition of natural philosophers, chemists, astronomers, or physicians, for whom, however, he had discovered his new instrument of induction (cognition), but on the applause which the great mass of the *dilettanti* dealt out to him. To them, indeed, Bacon's works must have been a spur and an endless source of information; for by their means a number of phenomena and interesting facts—hidden till then in Latin books not easily attainable—were spread abroad, and were brought before them in their mother tongue with all the charm of pleasing form and style. But the men of science knew nothing of Bacon, just as he was a stranger to, and unable to comprehend the importance and bearing of, what they had done. For what his compiler, from want of knowledge, did not extract from those works, remained wholly unknown to him.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY IN THE AGE
OF BACON.

Already, in 1577, Guido Ubaldi had unfolded the laws of the lever and of gravity; and Simon Stevin, in 1596, those of the motion and the equilibrium of fluid substances. Galileo's¹ experiments with the pendulum, as well as his laws for bodies falling freely and on an inclined plane—all of which prepared the way for a clearer knowledge of the nature of gravity—were generally propagated in the beginning of the seventeenth century. Kepler had already (*"Astr. Nova,"* 1609) explained the tides to arise from the attraction of the moon. In another field, that of optics, Bacon's countryman and contemporary, Thomas Harriot, enriched science with the most astonishing discoveries. He detected the existence of spots in the sun (1610)—a circumstance which proves, according to Zach, that Harriot had telescopes before Galileo—and in his 232d letter he imparts to Kepler the first true explanation of the colours of the rainbow (1606). In 1580 Giordano Bruno, an Italian refugee, had lectured and held public disputations in London and Oxford on the rotation and motion of the earth; yet Bacon tries to make his countrymen believe that, until he appeared, science was in a woful state—lying barren and lifeless—having torn itself away from its roots, nature and experience. Yet the truth is, Bacon knew nothing of the powers that were at work in the science of his day, nor of the gigantic works produced by his contemporaries. Under his very eyes Gilbert laid the firm basis for our present doctrine of magnetism and electricity. He showed, in a series of the most extraordinary experiments, that the property of amber, when rubbed, to attract light bodies, is a general one belonging to many other

substances, and that all bodies, without distinction, are influenced by electrical attraction; that this effect is of longer duration in a dry than a damp atmosphere; and Gilbert concludes that from an electric body an effluence or effluxion takes place by which the attraction of other bodies is brought about. By this discovery the direction of all future investigation was given and determined. More profound and wonderful still are his investigations of the loadstone. He distinguishes the poles of the magnet, and gives instructions for finding them; saying that those of like name repel, while those which are unlike attract each other. He it is who first asserts the earth to be a large magnet, and who found that iron rods become magnetic when laid in the direction of the meridian; that this power acts in all directions and passes through all intermediate bodies; that the magnetic meridian is different from the meridian of the place; and, finally, he discovered how to increase the power of the magnet by arming it, besides a number of other most important facts. We shall see later the position that Bacon occupies with regard to these discoveries.

From the works of Agricola (1494—1555) we learn the range that had then been won in a knowledge of the earth, of stones, ore and metals. In medicine, Paracelsus (1493—1531) had overthrown the Galenic theory, and quite new views on the nature of diseases and the effects of medicine had gradually found acceptance. Every day nearly brought with it a new discovery. Those of Jupiter's satellites, of the ring of Saturn, of mountains in the moon, as well as the law of motion of the planets, fall in Bacon's time. Of all these great results, with which those of our own day hang together like links of a chain, Bacon knew nothing. But, had it been otherwise, his peculiar mental conformation would have rendered it impossible for him to have appreciated their importance; for, at a time when no astronomer ever denied any longer the rotation of the earth or its motion round

¹ Galileo's name appears twice in Bacon's Works, owing, in each case, to communications which Matthew, who had translated his essays, sent him by letter about Galileo's views.

the sun, Bacon disputed it. He denied the material nature of sound, and ascribed its transmission through the air to a peculiar sort of spiritual motion (*species spiritualis*): he believed in the sympathy and antipathy of things, in the elixir of life, and he even proclaims himself an adept and a master in the art of making gold.

The errors and mistakes of science have often the same fate as the fashions of the higher classes, which, long after these have discarded them, continue to exist in the costume of the people; and thus the ideas, which time brings forth, circulate regularly through all ranks of society.

The false views of a time gone by often continue to influence the mind of a people, although the roots, whence they sprung, are long since dead. Out of the old discarded rags of science, Bacon patched together a new garment for his countrymen; and although it did not hide their nakedness, each one found it sat easily and looked well. As thus, by his endeavours, the old falsehoods maintained their ground more surely, the new truths which Newton, Harvey and Boyle afterwards brought, had all the greater difficulty in forcing themselves forward.

BACON UNDER JAMES I.

Although Bacon did not comprehend the tendency of the intellectual revolution that was taking place, it is impossible that a man keen-sighted as he was could have failed to see it; and he possessed all the talent and perseverance necessary to turn it to account. The opportunity was as favourable as could be desired. Under Queen Elizabeth all his endeavours, as well as those of his powerful relations, the minister Cecil, the chancellor Burleigh, and of his influential friend Essex, to obtain for him the desired place under government, had been unsuccessful. The sagacious queen, as we learn from a letter from Essex to Bacon, looked on him as one that could

make much show without being deep.¹ But, under her successor, James I., his star was already in the ascendant, and Bacon soon gained the highest posts of power and dignity which it was possible for him to reach. In England, owing to the difficulty of scientific intercourse with the Continent, science, with the exception perhaps of natural philosophy, was less widely disseminated than in any other country; and on the throne sat a king who was vain of his learning, boastful of his knowledge, and insatiable in his greed of praise. The two men were formed by nature for each other. What the one wanted, that the other had in abundance. "The desires of the "chancellor," as Macaulay reports, "were set on things below: wealth, "precedence, title, patronage, the mace, "the seals, the coronet, large houses, "fair gardens, rich manors, massy "services of plate, gay hangings, "curious cabinets;" for he was prodigal, and continually burdened with heavy debts. On the other hand, the treatise-writing king thirsted for the reputation of being the Solomon of his day. A monarch with such an abundance of knowledge needed a minister who knew how to appreciate it, who could order and render it of use; and assuredly there was no man with a smoother tongue, who better knew how to flatter the heart of his sovereign with exaggerated praise in ever new variations than his servant Bacon. He began to build a richly decorated temple to science, in the centre of which stood the throne of the monarch. He was at once high priest and acolyte: without its walls he was a prophet, but before the throne he was the planet that received its light from the sun. If he addressed himself to the people, he was the spring of knowledge: compared to him Plato and Aristotle were babbling children, immature and incapable of producing, and their works light tablets which, owing to their lightness, had

¹ "But in law she (the Queen) thought you could make show to the uttermost of your knowledge than that you were deep."—*Letter from Essex to Bacon.*

floated down to us on the stream of time (Aph. i. 77). To the king he said that he (Bacon) was towards his majesty but as a "bucket and a cistern to draw forth and conserve, whereas yourself was the fountain." To the people, "I have taken all knowledge to be my province, if I could purge it from two sorts of rovers." He tells them they shall take him as an example; him who, having no predecessors, was the first to tread this path; and the king (Oct. 16, 1620) expresses to him his satisfaction that in the "*Novum Organum*" he finds again *his own* views and opinions.¹

To Bacon fame was a capital which returned him the highest interest in gold and honours: and when, in the preamble to his work "*De Dignitate et Augmentis Scientiarum*," (Lib. I.) he says, "There hath not been, since Christ's time, any king or temporal monarch which hath been so learned in all literature and erudition, divine and human, as your majesty; but to drink, indeed, of the true fountain of learning, nay, to have such a fountain of learning in himself, in a king, in a king born, is almost a miracle:"—for this the king, in spite of all he gave him, remained his debtor. We understand, therefore, why it was that he shunned no means to increase his capital, and that the applause of the learned and men of science was perfectly indifferent to him.

"HISTORIA VITÆ ET MORTIS."

Bacon's many-sidedness—to use a German word—was without end; but, whatever field he trod, the same goal was kept steadily in view. He becomes a historian, and no task is too large for him when it affords him hope of augmenting his influence over the king. On sending his history of his majesty's time to the king, he writes that "the

"merest hint is alone necessary to make him alter the passages which may not please; and if it seem to the king that his laudation be too weak, his majesty must remember that the great art consists in so disposing of praise that the author's intention may not be seen by the reader."

The "*Historia Vitæ et Mortis*" is a remarkable work, from the insight it affords us into Bacon's character. It treats of the art of prolonging life, and was intended to justify the inclination of certain persons about the court for the pleasures of the table, as well as other appetites, and to diminish their fear of death. The book, it is evident, was written only for grown-up men, and the author, therefore, omits altogether to treat of the natural disposition of childhood; and, as to women, they are only alluded to cursorily. What occupied Bacon most were the signs of longevity, and, as it would seem, he had only three persons in view. Persons of brown complexion, with red spots, a firm, hard skin, and a wrinkled brow, are long-lived. Coarse, wiry hair (probably like the king's) is a sign of long life; curly hair, especially if somewhat rough, (probably like that of Prince Charles) is also a sure sign; curly, bushy hair, not in large curls, (probably like Buckingham's) is, too, a sign of longevity. A small head, a neck of middle size, wide nostrils, large mouth, broad chest, round shoulders, a small belly, a short round foot, fleshless thighs, high calves, hairy legs, are also signs of long life. Grey or greenish eyes, and a certain degree of corpulency in advanced age, are also signs that a man will live long. He describes how the Venetian Cornaro began to grow old when he was 100 years of age; but he is of opinion that a temperate life, so praised by physicians and philosophers, is more calculated for health than for long life, and that among drunkards and good livers many will be found who have attained a good old age. Fasting and a frugal life by no means assure length of days. To strong dishes, strong wine is a necessary adjunct, only it must not be sour; and, as to drinking, too much is less injurious than too little.

¹ "And in the general I have already observed that you jump with me in keeping the midway between two extremes, as also, in some particulars, I have found that you agree fully with my opinion."—*Letter of King James to Bacon.*

Indeed a slight inebriation now and then is by no means amiss.

Bacon instructs the royal cook how he is to beat the meat with a cleaver, although to knead it with the hand were better. From the book we also learn that, in all probability, the king took very hot meat—broth of a morning in winter, as well as aloe pills before going to dinner; and that at supper he drank hot spiced wine and egg-flip; all these things being conducive to longevity.

These, his rules for living, are all given in fine-sounding phrases; and their worth is on a par with his scientific theories.

This book was most probably directed against Harvey, the king's physician, who was a great favourite of James, and against his counsels. If, as there is reason to suppose, such was really the case, one is lost in astonishment at the unworthiness of the motives that could have thus instigated an opposition to the greatest physician since Hippocrates, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, whose name, even now, is never mentioned in medicine without acknowledgment and esteem.

We may safely presuppose some intention in all that Bacon does, and therefore the non-mention of Harvey's name, who is not once alluded to in any of his works, has also a meaning. It is clear that a "sawbone," like Harvey, could have no claim on the notice of the Lord Chancellor of England; still less so, the player Shakespeare.

THE METHOD AND THE AIM OF PHILOSOPHICAL INVESTIGATION.

So absolute a devotion could not fail of its reward. The king overloaded his servant with presents in money and estates, and raised him to the dignity of Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Albans.

It was in the midst of his successful career that Bacon was overtaken by fate; and, if what his biographers relate of him be true, that his last illness was brought on by an experiment, and that his last words to a friend were, "The ex-

periment has succeeded!" it only shows how true to himself Bacon was to the very last. When a boy, he studied jugglery; and his cleverest trick of all, that of deceiving the world, was quite successful. Nature, that had endowed him so richly with her best gifts, had denied him all sense for Truth. To him, who approached her with falsehood in his heart, she neither revealed herself nor gave heed; his experiments might deceive men, but in her domain they were complete failures. As natural philosopher, everything in the man was counterfeit. As he was in daily life, so was he in science; it is impossible for him to escape from his wonted circle of thought; and the self-same aim which Bacon always kept before him—*utility, power, dominion*—and which he strained all his powers to attain, he makes also the end and aim of science.

According to him (N. O. Aph. i. 124) the aim of the mental powers is "utility;" the value of what they produce must be measured by its usefulness. "The true and legitimate aim of science is no other than to enrich our lives by new inventions and discoveries."—(N. O. i. Aph. 124.) "Our true office is to lay the foundation of man's power over nature, and to enlarge the boundaries of his dominion."—(N. O. Aph. 116, 129). The word "truth," as we understand it, which is the sole aim of science, is not to be found in Bacon's scientific dictionary.

Now, the aim of science is neither invention, nor utility, nor power, nor dominion. Invention is the object of Art, while that of Science is "to recognise the cause." The former finds, or finds out (invents) facts; the second explains them. Artistic ideas have their root in the imagination, those of science in the understanding. The inventor is the man who advances; who leaves the trodden path and oversteps the old boundary-lines of the territory of science: he gives birth to a new thought, or he renders complete one already existing, so that it becomes efficacious or capable of being realised. He does not know whether the coming step will conduct

him; and, among thousands, perhaps only one ever reaches his aim. Neither does he know whence the thought comes, nor is he able to account for what he does.

Following him comes the man of science, and takes possession of the newly-conquered province. Science measures, and, weighs, and counts the gain, so that the inventor and each one beside are conscious of what they possess. It illumines the darkness and makes the indistinct clear; it smooths the way for the inventor that is to come after, so that he finds the ground prepared for him, and a certain point of departure, whence he may again start to make again new progress towards the utmost limits possible. Science imparts to all men, even the weak and unendowed, the capability to share the rich gifts which extended knowledge gives, and to draw thence the true profit for advancing their welfare. But it never labours for its own profit, for who does this labours for himself.

Many authors assert that Bacon's inductive method is taken from real life, and is the usual one adopted; that he only gave words to what men are wont to do of themselves when investigating anything. Taken from life it may be; but for that very reason it is impossible in science, and inapplicable to it. Any one who is in some measure conversant with the workings of nature knows that every phenomenon, every separate, independent occurrence in nature, comprises in itself the whole law, or all the laws by which such phenomenon is produced. Accordingly the true method is not, as Bacon would make us believe, to seek a result by numerous instances, but by examining thoroughly a single one. If this single one is explained, all analogous cases are also expounded. Our method is the old method of Aristotle, only augmented by additional art and experience: we examine the single fact, and, indeed, *every* single fact; we proceed from the first to the second when we have thoroughly comprehended the essential nature of the first; we do not deduce from the

individual that we know laws for the general that we do not know, but, in the investigation of a number of individual cases, we find out what they have in common.

We examine the fact of iron rusting in the air, the calcination of metals in fire, the combustion of a taper producing a flame, the formation of saltpetre and vinegar, the respiratory process, the bleaching of colours, the decay of organic substances. Each of these individual cases comprises in itself something peculiar, and also something that is common to them all. By means of the latter, which is the common, general quality, the category to which it belongs is determined.

Another sort of generality, another mode of generalising, does not exist in physical science. What is special in the individual cases is caused by other laws, and through these they belong again to a particular category of cases, in which something common to them all is also to be found. Bacon's method is that of a multiplicity of cases; but, as every separate instance while yet unexplained is but a zero, and as thousands of zeros, put them how you may, do not constitute a number, it is evident that his whole inductive process consists in a bandying to and fro of undetermined perceptions of the senses.

The result to which his method inevitably leads is—nought: the individual cases point to a central point or centre of gravity, and are, as Bacon fancies, connected with it by longer or shorter lines. But it is Bacon himself that moves the hand on the dial-plate; and the point where he arbitrarily causes the lines to meet he pronounces to be the result of a law. Such mode of proceeding can never lead to the discovery of a truth. The true method of philosophical investigation excludes everything arbitrary, and is the very opposite of Bacon's method. Every phenomenon, every occurrence, forms always a whole, of whose component parts our senses know nothing. We perceive the rusting of iron, the growth of a plant; but we know nothing of air, of oxygen,

nothing of the soil; of all the process that takes place nothing is known to our senses. We see fire and water, but what "boiling" is we know not.

If we picture to ourselves a phenomenon as the centre of a circle, and the conditions by which it is called forth as the radii of that circle, it would plainly be impossible for us to try to arrive at the centre by means of the radii, for of these we know nothing. All we know of is the centre. Hence it will be clearly understood that our method does not start from the simple in order to rise to the complex; but, taking the whole as our starting-point, we endeavour thus to make ourselves acquainted with the parts. "How" to do it is a question of art.

In all his investigations, Bacon sets great value on experiments. Of their meaning, however, he knows nothing. He looks on them as a sort of mechanism which, once put in motion, brings forth the work of itself. But in science all investigation is deductive, or *à priori*. The experiment is but the aid to the process of thought, as an arithmetical operation is; and the thought, the idea, must always precede it—necessarily precede it—in every case where a result of importance is looked for. An empirical mode of investigation, in the usual meaning of the word, does not in reality exist. An experiment not preceded by a theory—that is, by an idea—stands in the same relation to physical investigation as a child's rattle to music.

Our present methods of investigation were usual in Bacon's time. He knew of the labours of Gilbert as well as the views and conclusions of Copernicus, and his judgment on these is the sentence of death on himself as natural philosopher.

The important facts discovered by Gilbert in the domain of electricity, Bacon quite simply pronounced to be fables (N. O. Aph. ii. 48); and, as to Copernicus, he declares him to be an impostor—one of those men who, without ceremony, invent all sorts of appearances in nature when it suits their purpose to do so (Glob. Intell. cap. vi.)

That Bacon's method was not that of Gilbert, he has himself declared in the most unequivocal terms. He says: "The empirical method of investigation is the most monstrous and deformed of any, because it rests on the narrow basis and on the obscure evidence of isolated experiments. This sort of investigation which seems, to those who have daily to do with such experiments, so sure and probable, is for (us) others incredible and frivolous" (*incredibilis et vana*). "Of this sort are the chemical methods and those of Gilbert" (N. O. i. Aph. 64).

It will be quite intelligible that a mode of proceeding which clipped the wings of his fancy must have been most distasteful to him.

But our method is Gilbert's method, which Bacon condemns. It is therefore impossible that the method of Bacon can be that which we pursue.

How childish and insignificant did, probably, the honest Gilbert appear to the Lord Chancellor when he thought of him as rubbing a bit of amber continually on his sleeve for months together! or when he set a piece of loadstone bristling with fine needles in order to discover the pole! or how absurd would have appeared to him Galvani's endeavours to learn the cause of the twitchings in a frog's legs! No human understanding can possibly perceive herein anything useful for mankind.

We of the present day know what has been the result. We are convinced that Newton would have written his "Principia" without any knowledge of the "Novum Organum," but that without Gilbert we should not have had a Faraday, and no Brewster without a Harriot.

Bacon's creation is the typical figure in the society of the great in England—that, namely, of the scientific nutcracker or the dining philosopher, which, under James I., became the fashion. The only difference between then and now is the better quality of the personage.

The influence of Bacon's method and his doctrine on the English mind is still perceptible. The English gentle-

man still continues to hold a sort of patronizing intercourse with science; and the practical man, who also knows nothing of its substance, connects with the words "scientific principles" the notion of Bacon's axioms, namely, everything useless, unserviceable, and unpractical.¹ As to the view that utility is the end of science, this is an error which has existed for ages. Most of the academies were founded on account of their "utility," in order to spread enlightenment and to further husbandry, handicraft, mining, and the smelting of ore. (See the documents on the foundation of the Bavarian Academy, 1759.) Wherever this error still exists, we dispute with science the very ground on which it stands.

The principle that inquires after utility is the declared foe to science, which seeks

for Truth and the reason of things; and we know with certainty what degree of civilization a people, otherwise well endowed, may attain, that sets practical aims higher than those of science.

The history of the physical sciences is so remarkable and instructive, because it sheds more light than any of the others on the nature of the human mind and its organic development; it proves beyond doubt that the *ideal* mental direction which the nations of Europe have taken constitutes their real and their true strength, and that their power and influence is based on mental culture.

The mental operation which leads to an invention, and the works which the human mind begets with the invention, are essentially different things, which people are too apt to confound with

¹ The similarity of the mental position in many social circles in England, in past and present times, with regard to such matters, will be evident to the reader if he cast his eye on a couple of experiments which, for the sake of comparison, I have here placed parallel to each other.

ANNO 1616.
How long
will spirit of wine burn
in a spoon
when to it be added,
saltpetre,
common salt,
a piece of wax,
water,
milk,
gunpowder?

RESULT. All these things do not cause the spirit to burn any longer.

DEDUCTION. The spirit when alone burns longest.

See Bacon. *Historia Naturalis*, No. 366.

ANNO 1860.
How long
will red clover grow
in a field
when to it be added,
super-phosphate of lime,
sulphate of potash,
stable manure,
soot,
lime,
salt of ammonia?

RESULT. All these things do not cause the clover to grow any longer.

DEDUCTION. The field is ailing, and will recover if left to itself and allowed time.

See *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England*. Vol. xxi. P. i.

It is not necessary to say that these experiments have no connexion with any reasonable question whatever, and that in the one with the clover-field the result and the deduction have not the remotest relation to each other.

The Royal Agricultural Society, in whose *Journal* these latter experiments were published, comprises about 5,000 members—ministers, members of Parliament, &c.—men, in short, of the educated classes, or what is called gentry; and it assuredly may be looked upon as a significant sign of the point of view from which many English minds see and judge of things, that the man who made these experiments passers, in England, for the very first authority in all such matters.

As regards the notion of the words "principle," "axiom," &c.:—Bacon, for example, defines as axiom "a moderate heat," which is to be employed in an operation; and, further, "that one must take time to do a thing" is with him also an axiom. In exactly the same manner one of the most distinguished members of the Royal Agricultural Society defines as an "axiom," in the above-named *Journal*, the fact that a *thing* increased the corn or turnip crop of a very small field in the neighbourhood of London; an "axiom," moreover, which was valid for every field in Great Britain.—(*Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*. T. xvi. P. 2. p. 501.)

When a whole class of society is capable of looking on a *thing* or an *indetermined fact* as "an axiom," we may appreciate the difficulty of convincing them of a truth which, by its very nature, is not palpable.

each other; and this is the reason why an importance is often attached to an invention, which it does not really possess, and to which the application only can give it any claim. In daily life it is the *Utility* of an invention, in science the *Work* bestowed upon it, which determines the place the inventor or discoverer is to hold; but in both cases the standard is as indefinite as it is deceptive. Several persons have had a share in the most useful inventions, and History, generally speaking, knows nothing of the inventors. Many are useful in the present day, and lose their value later; others grow valuable in a century to come; and so, too, does it often happen that a scientific investigation is highly valued on account of its difficulty, and of the exactness, skill, and acuteness of its author, although the result itself is not worth the time and trouble expended; while a grand true thought, which satisfactorily settles all preceding investigations, or opens new paths to knowledge, very rarely meets with due appreciation unless accompanied by this external apparatus. The trouble of the work is in every case taken into account.

From a scientific point of view, by which we mean the mental labour and the result aimed at, the inventor of a mixture of saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal, in the proportions we find in gunpowder, stands very much lower than the goldsmith who for the first time used a decoction of alum, saltpetre, and common salt, for boiling his gold wares in. Watt, too, in like manner, by his labours regarding the steam-engine, or the inventor of the American method of working silver ore, stands very much higher than Gutenberg, who, by means of his simple mode of copying, aimed only at dispensing with the service of transcribers. The Chinese were acquainted with gunpowder, with the art of printing, and with the magnet, a thousand years earlier than we; but with them these inventions were far from producing the effects which the ideal European mind succeeded in obtaining. A natural philosopher, a mathematician, a physician, may be an excellent man of

science without ever having read a Greek or Roman classic, or the poetical works of his own country; but only a man poetically endowed, as Kepler was, could possibly discover the three great astronomical laws named after him. Homer, Shakespeare, Schiller, and Goethe, stand on a perfect equality with the greatest natural philosophers, inasmuch as the mental faculty which constitutes the poet and the artist is the same as that whence discoveries and progress in science spring. Thus it is that the study of languages and of poetry are often more useful to the technically-accomplished natural philosopher than any work in his own department of knowledge.

As regards Bacon's position in the scientific world, it is worthy of remark that, for a century and a half, his name, except in mottoes, had quite disappeared from the works of his countrymen; and the rank which many now assign him dates chiefly from the time of the French Encyclopædists, who carried the utilitarian principle to the uttermost. According to this idea of utility, Macaulay is of opinion that, if he were forced to decide between the first shoemaker and Seneca's three books "On Anger," he would unhesitatingly decide for the former; shoes having preserved millions from wet feet, while Seneca's books had never hindered any one from getting angry. Now we are of opinion that a man who has to go barefoot into the mud would prefer, if he had the choice, a pair of shoes not only to the three Books of Seneca, but to Macaulay's Essays and his History of England into the bargain.

The thing is, Man is a two-fold being, an animal that gives shelter to a mind. The animal has to care for the house and the household; and as long as something is wanting herein, the mind cannot attend to its own business.

Macaulay thinks that a difference may be made between the character of a man as shown in his social acts, and in his scientific life; and that Bacon, whom he describes as vain, selfish, untrue, boastful, covetous, and dishonourable—a man who in science never

acknowledges the merit of another, who mentions no name without dragging it into the dust, who only speaks of himself and his works, and of the reward which all men owe him; one who was a clever talker, devoured by the ambition to rise above others and to master them, while he himself was wholly destitute of the requisite knowledge—that such a man in his study might have had “an honourable ambition, a “comprehensive philanthropy, and a “sincere love of truth.” Bacon’s works are witnesses against him, and prove that ethical laws have the same value in science as in social life. Even a shoemaker, be he never so skilful, will, if of bad character, make bad shoes, because it is much more difficult to make good than bad shoes—for, in order to make good ones, he must choose good leather and attend carefully to the workmanship; and so he will only care for his own profit. His talent and his skill will be continually employed against his customers, and he will prefer, when he can, to make his bad shoes appear good, and to defraud us both in the stuff and in the workmanship.

The battle of Bacon with the Schoolmen was the fight of the celebrated knight with the windmills; for, a century before him, the stiff bonds of the scholastics were broken. In every tongue resounded praises of the “experience” of Leonardi da Vinci in Italy, of Paracelsus in Germany—both of whom were half a century earlier than himself—and those of Harvey and Gilbert in his own time in England.

It would be a great mistake to estimate the influence of Bacon on his own and a later time by his works on natural science, for these in reality prove only that the essence and the aim of natural philosophy were unknown or unintelligible to him. His endeavours to discover the right method of investigation could, therefore, not prove successful; and that his mode of thought or induction is false in itself, and not applicable to natural philosophy, has been, I think, sufficiently shown in

the preceding observations. To believe that an acute understanding and healthy senses suffice in order to comprehend rightly a natural phenomenon, is an error which is pretty general. A man’s senses, which apparently tell him everything regarding it, mislead him always. They tell him that the sun and the stars revolve round the earth, and that fire deprives lead and iron of their metallic peculiarities; and yet this is the case in appearance only, and the evidence afforded is deceptive.

The natural philosopher does not trust himself to the guidance of his senses. At every step he puts his senses to the proof, and this is done by means of his art; and it is just in this power to test that his strength consists. To determine the nature of a mineral is, for example, in the present day, one of the easiest tasks for the natural philosopher; and if, 250 years ago, a man had announced all that was required for doing so—had said that the crystalline form, the optical and electrical properties, the specific weight, the hardness must be determined, and that finally all its component parts must be examined and the weight of each one when separated must be obtained—we should, with full justice, admire the penetration of this man. But his contemporaries would have looked on the conditions imposed by him for deciding the character of the mineral as fantastic and impossible; or would have told him that his wisdom would be of little use unless he was able to teach them how all this was to be done. We, however, know that it required several centuries to learn all this, and that the art to do it was first to be invented. In Bacon’s time this art was hardly developed, and to him was quite unknown.

Yet with all this we must not forget that Bacon, above all others, saw and comprehended the value and the importance of natural science for the purposes of life. Bacon’s *Essays* are unexceptionable documents testifying of his genius and sagacity, as well as of his profound knowledge and correct appreciation of human relations and the

different conditions of men. On his contemporaries they must have produced as powerful and lasting an effect as those of his predecessor Montaigne had done in France. While the classic literature of antiquity forms the groundwork and the background of Montaigne's Essays, in those of Bacon we see reflected a new era: parting with the past and growing gradually independent. With Bacon

and Shakespeare a new literature begins. Bacon himself says of his Essays:—"As for my Essays, I count them but as the recreations of my other studies, and in that sort purpose to continue them; though I am not ignorant that those kind of writings would, with less pains and embracement, perhaps yield more lustre and reputation to my name than those other which I have in hand."

N.B. The Reader is requested to make the following important corrections in the First Part of this Article:—

At page 247, 1st column, 8th, 9th, and 10th lines from top should stand thus:—"as red-hot iron does not expand, and as boiling water is very hot without giving forth light, an *alibi* is thus proved for expansion and light."

Same column, at 13th line from bottom, read, "If you are able to excite motion in a natural." And in 2nd column of same page, 33rd and following lines from top, read, "of temperature" was the most characteristic property of heat."

LETTERS FROM A COMPETITION WALLAH.

LETTER III: ABOUT OPIUM AND OTHER THINGS.

MOFUSSILPORE, Feb, 12, 1863.

DEAR SIMKINS,—I libelled Patna somewhat in my last letter. Ratcliffe drove me in on two different occasions, and we spent one long day in poking about the town, and another in the opium factory, which is second only in importance to that of Benares. There is a mile or two of very singular street architecture. The Mahomedans live here in great numbers, and everything belonging to them is picturesque all the world over. We visited a Mahomedan foundation, something between a college and a monastery, which boasted a good deal of shabby magnificence. It is very richly endowed, and the loaves and fishes are kept strictly among the founder's kin. The head of the family for the time being is *ipso facto* President, and he had apparently distributed the college offices with great impartiality among his brothers. The fellows were certainly *bene nati*, and may have been *mediocriter docti* for all I knew. There was no doubt that they fell short of the All Souls' standard in the other particular. We were led through a long series of quadrangles built of

white stone, with the shrine of some devotee of ancient days standing in the centre of each, on the brink of a pretty little ornamental tank. Some of the courts were used as hospitia for pilgrims, others as schools for the younger members of the institution, others again as combination-rooms and studies for the fellows. As all Mahomedans are strict teetotallers, it is hard to imagine how they spend their time in the combination-room. They probably talk about the dangers of setting aside the founder's will, and the presumption of the young men in wishing to have the mosque fines reduced. At present they were in a violent state of excitement, because the local authorities were thinking about appointing a species of University Commission, to inquire into the management of their revenues. Behind the courts lay a spacious garden. The whole establishment would have presented a very pleasing appearance, had not everything been in a disgraceful state of dirt and decay. At length we came to a large pile of buildings, on the roof of which we mounted, and found ourselves at the

door of a chapel, in which sat the Master of the College. From the time that he succeeds to that office he may never descend to the level of the earth, so that, if a set of reforming young fellows got a footing in the society, they might introduce all sorts of innovations with impunity, as long as they kept to the ground-floor. Fancy if, as a condition of holding his present position, the Master of Trinity was never allowed to come down from the roof of Neville's-court, even if he saw us playing cricket on the bowling-green. The old fellow was very civil—so much so, that I felt half inclined to give him some advice about throwing open his scholarships, but was deterred by my imperfect acquaintance with the language. These premises are the headquarters of religious enthusiasm at the great festival of the Mohurrum. Last year the ferment was such that a strong force of police was stationed close at hand, and the officers of the party kept watch through a whole day and night in a tower opposite the great gate. I was told that the mass of the crowd who went about bawling "Hussain and Hussan," were Hindoos; but it is idle to draw any conclusion from a fact of this nature. Englishmen out here are very fond of saying that there is no strong religious feeling among the natives, that the fetters of caste are maintained by our own mistaken tenderness for the prejudices of the country, and by the idleness of our domestics, who object to perform duties that belong to another class, not because they are bigoted, but because they are lazy. Nothing is easier than to pick up a hundred stories of servants who have been detected feasting on ham and champagne, though, in the Menu code, the crime of drinking strong liquors comes next in turpitude to throwing the parings of your toe-nails at a Brahman; of villagers who have used the same cup as a European traveller; of learned men who have laughed at the received Hindoo theories of astrology and geography. Yet all this does not prevent either the votaries of the Prophet or the worshippers of Vishnu from rushing to any extreme of ferocity,

or self-sacrifice, if they believe their religion to be in danger. More than once some insult to custom, or to rites which to us appear insignificant, but by them are held dearer than life itself, has aroused a passive but stubborn resistance, followed by a savage outbreak of fanatical wrath and devotion. In the days when a great deal of the tailor entered into the composition of a genuine military officer, the authorities introduced into a regiment stationed at Vellore, a turban, which, in the diseased imagination of the soldiery, resembled a hat. The idea got about that they were to be forcibly turned into topee-wallahs, hat-fellows, a synonym for the hated name of Frank or Christian. The most respectable among the men remonstrated; and the commanding officer, who, naturally enough, considered that plumes and facings were of infinitely greater moment than the faith of the human beings committed to his care, answered their petition by flogging and degrading them as seditious rascals. When the outraged sepoy had risen as one man, when hundreds of Europeans had been butchered in a single evening, it began to occur to our colonels and brigadiers that a persecution of the warriors, by whose aid we kept down the Mahrattas and Pindarees, for the sake of some regulation frippery, was as mad a scheme as forcing the leopard to change his spots, or a man-eating Bengal tiger his stripes.

Time rolled on and the lesson was forgotten. Some few, who smelt the hurricane in the air, raised their voices in warning, only to be taunted with credulity and timidity. The earnest expostulations of one to whom the latter taunt could hardly be applied, the victor of Meeanee, the Marius of India, were passed by with respectful neglect. Again recurred the same indication of a coming storm; again the native soldiers entreated their superiors not to put a force upon their conscience; again their request was treated as a crime. Then, with the suddenness and fury of an Eastern tempest, burst forth the madness of superstition in all its full horror. In a

moment, in the twinkling of an eye, many a pleasant English homestead was laid waste. Many a family lamented their nearest and dearest, slain by forms of death as frightful as anything that fiction or the Spanish Inquisition ever invented. More dreadful still, there were families in which none was left to lament another. Through tens of thousands of square miles, our authority, which but just now seemed at last secure against any shock, was overthrown and scattered to the winds. Our treasures and magazines were sacked, our barracks and court-houses burnt to the ground. Our officers fled for their lives through the districts which they had ruled with absolute authority. Tenderly-nurtured ladies, with their little ones on their knees, travelled night after night along by-roads and through jungles, and crouched all day in native hovels, while their husbands, armed to the teeth, kept guard at the door, prepared to shoot them rather than suffer them to fall alive into the hands of the barbarous foe.

Then came the great vengeance, at which the world still shudders. The blaze of Oriental fanaticism, which at one time threatened to baffle all our efforts to subdue its ravages, at length yielded to the courageous perseverance and the unconquerable energy of our race. Yet, though the fire has been got under, the embers glow with as fierce a heat as ever, and the crust of ashes is not so thick but that the flames break out with ominous frequency. Only the other day, in a village within the borders of a State under British protection, a report got about that two unfortunate men, father and son, had buried some cow beef in their garden. The mob of the place, set on by the most wealthy and influential people of the neighbourhood, assembled at the suspected cottage, tied the poor wretches by their feet to the bough of a tree, and swung them to and fro, beating them all the time with the heavy murderous staves carried by all Indian peasants. They were then cut down, and branded from head to heel with hot iron, mounted on donkeys with their faces to the tails, led round the

village under a shower of stones, and finally pitched down dead in front of their own door. What more could the celebrated majority in the Oxford Senate do to Jowett and Williams, if they had the chance? The nature of religious enthusiasm is the same everywhere. It is not always the most zealous champions of a Church who observe most exactly all that their Church ordains. Philip the Second was living in open defiance of the teaching of his own religion, all the while that his emissaries, in the name of that religion, were burning, and butchering, and racking, and ravishing his misguided subjects over the seventeen provinces of the Netherlands. The conduct of our own James the Second proves how easy and comfortable it is to eject and suspend men from livings and fellowships for non-conformity to a faith, at a time when one is disobeying some of its precepts. But there is no need to ransack history for analogies. When we predicate the indifference of the natives to their religion from their neglect of its observances, they might well retort and say, "The English are not so strict as they might be. Last Sunday our Sahib would not do Poojah in the morning because it was so hot; and, when the hour of afternoon prayer arrived, he was at tiffin with the judge Sahib, and could not dishonour the table of his host by going away. Nor does the Sahib eat the food that his religion prescribes. On Good Friday there were no hot cross buns at breakfast. The only thing hot and cross was the Sahib himself. And the Sahib does not pay respect to his Brahmans. He only once set food and wine before the holy man from the barracks; and I heard him tell the brigadier Sahib that his Mollah was no better than one devoid of understanding. And the brigadier Sahib stroked his beard and replied, 'Haw, demmy, yes. More he is, haw!'" No one can deny that this is not an unfair picture of many of our countrymen; and yet men of this class are among the first to resent any outrage on the religion of their country, real or imaginary. The most hot op-

ponents of Cardinal Wiseman and his bishops were not all the most regular church-goers. Then why should a Mussulman gentleman, who is occasionally overcome by the charms of iced Moselle, or a Hindoo Zemindar, who is sometimes scandalized at the ignorance and cupidity of his priests, be the more likely to be pleased at seeing his religion held up to ridicule, and his hundred millions of brethren devoted to damnation, in an Evangelical tract?

From the College we passed on to a more commonplace, but far more useful institution, the Government School. The buildings appropriated for the purpose are, in most instances, beggarly enough; but the class of scholars, and the character of the instruction given, place them far above the level of Government Schools in England. We had the curiosity to question a form of some two dozen boys on the profession and standing of their respective fathers. Half of them were the sons of public *employés*, and full a fourth of Zemindars, who answer in social position to the French "Rentier." Every here and there sat glittering, in gold and jewellery, the child of a rajah, who counts his income by lacs. The little fellows are sometimes very pretty and intelligent, and are always dressed with great taste in very brilliant colours, for the natives are much addicted to petting their young children. It is now a trite observation that, up to a certain time of life, the Hindoo boys show greater cleverness and capacity than Europeans of the same age. James Mill observes that "they display marvellous precocity in appreciating a metaphysical proposition which would hopelessly puzzle an English lad." This is high praise as coming from the father and preceptor of John Stuart; for it is hard to conceive a metaphysical proposition which could have hopelessly puzzled John Stuart at the most tender age. Their turn for mathematics is truly wonderful. A distinguished Cambridge wrangler assured me that the youths of eighteen and twenty, whom he was engaged in teaching, rushed through

the course of subjects at such a headlong speed that, if they went on at the same rate, they would be in "Lunar Theory" by the end of six months. But it is allowed with equal unanimity that, at the period when the mind of young Englishmen is in full course of development, the Hindoo appears to have already arrived at maturity, or rather effeteness, and begins to degenerate rapidly and surely. There is nothing which gives such deep discouragement to those who have the instruction and improvement of the race most at heart.

It is often said that a liberal education is valued only as a stepping-stone to Government employ; that, as in everything else, the natives look upon it merely as a question of rupees. But this is very unfairly put. As well might you throw it in the teeth of the parents of all the boys at Harrow and Marlborough that they sent their sons to a public school in order to enable them to get their living in the liberal professions. A very respectable proportion of the Government scholars come from the homes of independent and opulent men, and would never dream of looking to official life for their maintenance. And, after all, why is it worse for a native gentleman to send his child to school, to qualify him for the office of a treasurer or deputy judge, than for an English gentleman to engage a crammer to turn his son into a walking encyclopædia against the next Indian competitive examination? But the habit of sneering at our dark fellow-subjects is so confirmed in some people, that they lose sight of sense and logic—if logic be anything else than sense—whenever the subject is introduced.

The headmaster asked Ratcliffe to examine the first class, which consisted of twelve or fifteen boys of about the same age and height as the sixth form at a public school. In everything else, however, they were sufficiently unlike the heroes of Eton and Rugby. The effeminate habits of the higher classes in Bengal had already told fatally on their physique. Slouching, flabby, spiritless, the whole lot together could not

stand up to Tom Brown, and would as soon think of flying as of running a hundred yards. The members of the moneyed class in the Gangetic provinces are the most helpless, feeble set of beings in the universe. If one of them can ride a shambling pony, daubed all over with splotches of white paint, to and from his office, without tumbling off, he considers himself to have done quite enough to establish his reputation as a horseman. Their only amusements in boyhood consist in eating immense quantities of the most sickly trash, and in flying kites—which latter pastime, in another and more popular sense, is the principal occupation of their riper years. What wonder if, long before they come of age, they have lost all trace of the pleasing features and graceful shape which may often be observed among the younger children? The youths before us appeared to be too old for pets, since they were not attired with any remarkable elegance. "Young Bengal" has adopted a most unsightly mongrel costume, compounded of a native tunic and ludicrously tight European trousers. Bearing in mind the class at home who especially affect tight trousers, I imagined at first that "Young Bengal" was horsey; an idea which the sight of him, outside a horse, effectually dispelled. There are often gaps in the first class caused by the absence of the scholars on their frequent honeymoons. In fact, where an English boy finds it expedient to "run up to town to see the dentist," a young Hindoo asks for leave to go and get married.

The class was engaged on: "The Deserted Village." Each scholar read a few lines, and then gave a paraphrase of them in the most grandiloquent and classical English. I sat aghast at the flowery combination of epithets which came so naturally to their lips; not knowing at the time that the natives who have been brought up at the Government schools, having learnt our language from Addison and Goldsmith, use, on all occasions, the literary English of the last century. They talk as Dr. Johnson is supposed to have talked

by people who have never read Boswell, as seems to have been the case with the authors of "Rejected Addresses." The passage before us was that beginning—

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey—"

an excellent sample of that mild conventional sentimental Conservatism, which to so many minds is the constituent idea of poetry; and which appeals to man in his maudlin moments throughout all ages and in every clime. There was something exquisitely absurd in hearing a parcel of young Bengalees regretting the time when every rood of ground in England maintained its man, and indignantly apostrophising trade's unfeeling train for usurping the land and dispossessing the swain. And yet, was it more truly incongruous than the notion of English boys in the latter half of the nineteenth century upbraiding the descendants of Romulus with their degeneracy and luxury; calling on them to fling into the nearest sea their gems and gold, the material of evil; and complaining that few acres are now left for the plough; though, if that implement resembled the one described by Virgil in the first Georgic, it is, perhaps, as well that the field of its operations was limited? Ratcliffe created a general agitation by asking whether commerce was really a curse to a country. These young Baboos, destined, many of them, to pass their lives in the sharpest and most questionable mercantile practice, seemed to consider any doubt on the subject as perfect heresy; until one of them, who expressed himself in a manner more nervous and less ornate than his fellows, solved the difficulty by stating that "the poets often told lies." One youth, at the bottom of the class, on being requested for a definition of what Goldsmith meant by "unwieldy wealth," amused me much by replying, "Dazzling gawds and plenty—too much elephants." On the whole, the facility with which they used a tongue which they never hear spoken, except in school, was very creditable to the system.

The other day, a captain, in a native

regiment, showed me a letter sent him by a sepoy in his company, who, having been punished for a civil offence, thought it necessary to give a plausible explanation of the matter to his officer. It had evidently been written for him by a friend who had received his education at a Government school. It appeared from this production, that the sepoy and some of his comrades took it into their heads to pay a visit to the town near which they were stationed; so they got leave for a few days, and on the evening of their arrival "set forth from our lodging and traversed the streets with unwearied steps. By chance I discerned, at a window, a pleasing dame, from whose eyes shot the dart of love. Not being able to resist the dart, I approached the lattice, and courted and wooed her as a lover should. While we were engaged in our dalliance, there came by a banker who had formerly been her swain. The banker, seeing his Phyllis smiling on another, could not contain his ire, but passed on breathing immediate vengeance." The upshot of the matter was that the injured rival brought a charge of theft against the sepoy, and, "by dint of tortuous perjury and forensic chicanery, succeeded in getting him imprisoned for three months." A Calcutta daily paper complained lately that native correspondents were so long-winded and verbose, that they omitted nothing that could bear upon the subject, except the point of it, and gave as a specimen a communication from one of them concerning the abuses at a school for Hindoo children. The writer begins by saying that "there is not a single soul which will not echo back the emotions that spontaneously arise in our breasts, when we consider the heavy chains under which the little innocent sufferers are made to groan." He then proceeds to declare himself inadequate to the task he has undertaken, and exclaims—"Would to God there were half a dozen Ciceros and Burkes here to give vent to our feelings!" Half a dozen Ciceros! What an overwhelming thought!

Ninety-six books of Letters to Atticus! Thirty Verrine Orations! Six De Finibi! The human faculties are too weak to seize the conception in all its immensity. Yet who can feel the want of any amount of Ciceros or Burkes when he meets with such a sentence as the following?—"Not to mention the damp, ill-ventilated, dismal cells, with bare, unprotected, naked roofs, upon which the young pupils, panting after fresh air and light, go during a recreation hour, and plentifully enjoy the short period of their amusement by running and frisking in the meridian sun, heedless and unwarned of the danger of tumbling over into a gaping well beneath, or some such pitfalls of death, artfully kept there for a supposed good purpose." The peroration of the complaint is magnificent—"Friends and patriots!" exclaims the writer, "what shall we do when the future hopes and glories of our nation are at stake? Where shall we fly for a refuge, when the cries of infants groaning under the yoke of a bondage worse than slavery haunt us from all sides?" &c. &c. If a kindly Providence had ordained that Mr. Bellew should be born a Yankee, is not this something like the style in which he would address an audience of his countrymen on the Fourth of July?

The opium factory at Patna is an enormous mass of buildings of the most durable construction, from the roof of which there is a commanding view far up and down the Ganges. It was erected by the Dutch long before the English name became great in Bahar. There is something very interesting in the traces of the Mynheers. They seem to have preceded us everywhere by a century, and have passed away, leaving behind them monuments solid, homely, and ponderous, like themselves. Chinsoorah was their last foothold in these parts. Hardly a century since, within the space of a few leagues along the banks of the Hooghley, lay four commercial settlements belonging respectively to France, Holland, Denmark, and England, whose factors vied with each other to secure

the largest share of the river traffic, and whose confidential clerks, by obscure intrigues, sought to undermine the credit of the rival companies at the court of the Nabob of Moorshedabad. Then the hour came, and the man was not wanting. One stroke of fabulous audacity placed the merchants of Fort William in possession of the most fertile regions of India. From that time forward a succession of acquisitions, most vast and yet most secure, followed each other with bewildering rapidity. Agents and writers no longer went forth to haggle about the price of a hundred-weight of saltpetre, or to dole out an advance of rupees to the village weavers, but to ratify treaties, to depose princes, to organize the administration of newly-conquered provinces. Where once the Company had set its foot, it was never again withdrawn. None of the mightiest conquerors of ancient or modern times could so justly adopt the proud motto, "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*," as this association of Leadenhall Street Alexanders and joint-stock Trajans. Hyder Ali, the Hannibal of the South of India, after a series of brilliant successes, was reduced at last to echo the words of the Roman poet, "that, should you immerse it (the Company) in the deep, it came out more beautiful." The descendants of the chief who aspired to unite all India under his banner now subsist on the somewhat profuse charity of the nation which their great ancestor hated with more than Punie hatred, and consider their fondest ambition gratified if they can induce the English viceroy to honour a ball at their house with his presence. The same fate overtook all whose fears or jealousies drew them into hostility to the growing power. Mah-ratta and Ghoorkha, Sikh and Burmese, one and all, had reason to regret the day,

"John Company, my Jo, John,
When we were first acquent."

Meanwhile the little colonies of Chandernagore, Chinsurah, and Serampore, which had once been the peers of Calcutta, were quietly gathered in at the beginning, and contemptuously thrown

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back at the end, of our wars with the mother countries. The story of the capture of Serampore is worth a short notice. During the war which we began in order to bring the Bourbons in triumph to Paris, and carried on to prevent Buonaparte coming in triumph to London, a large quantity of English merchandise was conveyed in neutral Danish bottoms, to avoid risk from French privateers. Serampore was, consequently, full of goods belonging to the leading houses of Calcutta. When the Governor-General for the time being received intelligence of the commencement of hostilities with Denmark, he saw an excellent opportunity for doing a first-rate stroke of business. He happened to be staying at Barrackpore, the country-house of the Viceroy on the opposite side of the Hooghley from Serampore. Determined that the English merchants should not receive warning in time to allow them to withdraw their property, early in the morning after he had received the news, he fitted out a conjoint expedition, of which the military portion consisted of the company of sepoy on guard at the Great House and the naval element of two boats' crews. One of his sons, who was among the number of his aides-de-camp, commanded the troops, while the squadron was placed under the orders of another son, a middy. This force crossed the river in ten minutes, landed, marched up to the house of the Danish Governor, knocked at the door, and told him that he must consider himself a prisoner—a piece of information which at first he took as a good joke. The whole of the merchandise stored in the precincts of the settlement became a prize. The enormous amount of money which fell to the share of the young commandants may be estimated from the fact that the junior officer of the sepoy's pocketed four thousand pounds as the reward of that morning's work.

Since those days there is a thing called Public Opinion.

There could not be a worse month than February for a visit to the factory, for the stock of last year has by this

time all been sold off, and this year's opium has not yet begun to come in. However, there was a little of the drug left at the bottom of the vats, and, fortunately for me, some chests which had been damaged on the voyage down the Ganges had been sent back to be repacked. Your studies, my dear Simkins, have for so long been directed towards the higher regions of thought, and your ideas about all material objects are so essentially vague, that I firmly believe your notion of the raw material of opium vacillates between cocoa-nuts and juniper-berries. I, therefore, shall not scruple to give you a short sketch of the manufacture of that commodity, in the style of the enlightened Magnall, on whose tomb might be inscribed :—

*"Nullum fere scientiæ genus non epitomavit.
Nullum quod epitomavit non obscuravit."*

Do not wince at "epitomavit." It is an excellent word, and is used by no less an author than Treb. Poll. xxx. Tyr. It was likewise a favourite with Veg. Ren., a very nice writer, who flourished towards the close of the fourth century (A.D.).

The ryot, who answers to an uncommonly small farmer, makes an agreement with Government to furnish a certain quantity of opium at about four shillings a pound, receiving something more than a quarter of the money in advance. Now, this would be a losing game for the ryot, if it were not for the peculiarity of the crop—most of the labour being done by the women and children of the household, who would be otherwise unemployed. As it is, the natives consider it a privilege to be allowed to grow opium. At the proper season, the whole family turn out in the evening, armed with a species of three-pronged knife, and make an incision in each of the poppy-heads which have sufficiently ripened. During the night a juice exudes, which is carefully scraped off and preserved. This is repeated three times with each flower. Then the leaves are gathered up and formed into a sort of cake, for a purpose which shall be hereafter described, and the stalks are

stacked and put by, no part of the poppy being without its use. The whole produce is then delivered in to the factory at Patna or Benares.

Here the opium goes through a series of processes which may generally be described by the epithet "refining." At any rate, the result of them is that quantities of scum and dregs are separated from the more valuable portion, though even this refuse has a considerable value of its own. Who has not experienced the distress of being forced to trace an article throughout all the stages of fermenting, and precipitating, and puddling? In the eyes of the visitor every operation bears a hideous resemblance to every other. In all he gazes upon a mysterious liquid, lying apparently in a perfectly quiescent state far down in a frightful iron tank, over which he walks trembling on a single slopy plank, preceded by a foreman of oppressive intelligence, and followed by two of the hands, who attend partly as an excuse for leaving their work, and partly from a faint hazy instinct of beer looming in the future. After the opium has been duly prepared comes the operation of making it into balls. The workman who is employed on this duty is seated at a board, and is provided with the materials for each ball separately—a fixed quantity of the precious drug, some refuse opium, and a certain portion of the coagulated mass of poppy-leaves, all measured out with scrupulous care. With the leaves he forms a bowl about three-quarters of an inch in thickness, using the refuse copiously as glue. In the cup thus fashioned he places the opium, and finishes off the ball with wonderful skill and celerity, consuming exactly the regulation amount of his materials. The balls are about the size of a man's head, and are sold by the Government at an average rate of seventy-six shillings each. They are packed by forties in a chest, the dried stalks of the poppy, reduced almost to powder, being poured into all the interstices, and are sent down to Calcutta to be disposed of by public auction; whence they go forth

upon their mission of soothing John Chinaman into a temporary forgetfulness of the rebels who plunder him, and of the Anglo-Chinese force which protects him, and deluding his soul with visions of a Paradise where the puppy-dogs and rats run about ready-roasted, where the birds' nests are all edible and the pigs all die a natural death, where the men have all short names and the women all short feet, where everybody has just succeeded in the competitive examination for the governorship of a province and has a right to order everybody else three hundred strokes of the bamboo on his bare soles.

What a book might be made of "The Confessions of an English Opium Agent!" It is the most romantic of manufactures. Everywhere the drowsy scent of the poppy prevails, and lulls the pleased visitor into a delightful consciousness of oriental languor and boundless profits, and into a sweet oblivion of the principles of competition and Free Trade. That little lump of black putty, which was bought a few days ago at forty pence, beneath the magic touch of the Government becomes an equivalent for a bouncing sovereign. What is this alchemy which can turn silver into gold? which can extract yearly six millions net from the pockets of an alien, often a hostile, nation? Six millions net from the stupefaction of a foreign people! Think of that, Master Close! What is your "gorging fiend" to this stupendous fact? Regard with awe those dark sticky globes, lying so snugly in their bed of kindred straw! There are the cannon-balls with which to exact tribute from the stranger! "Such an immoral traffic," say you? Let us get out of this sleepy lotus-eating atmosphere, and we will talk the question over at leisure.

If a practice is pernicious to the community, it is clearly the duty of a wise government to suppress it, with this condition—that the evils consequent on the suppression, or attempt at suppression, are not so great as to outweigh the benefits. When the English nation had been thoroughly convinced that slavery

was a curse which must be got rid of at any risk, it cheerfully paid down as the price of its abolition twenty millions in cash, and the prosperity of our West Indian Colonies for many years to come. Never was money better laid out. We gave the devil such a beating as he had not got since Luther's first campaign, for one-tenth of what it cost us to lose America, and one-fiftieth of what we spent in avenging the execution of Louis the Sixteenth. On the other hand though few people will deny that we should be better without the institution known as the "social evil" *par excellence*, still fewer are prepared to admit that affairs would be mended by the interference of the strong hand of power. Nothing could be more odious than that Government should meddle in matters which a wise father leaves to the conscience and discretion of his sons. The public scandal, the invasion of private liberty, the violation of houses, would be grievances far exceeding in importance any little success which might be gained for the cause of morality. Heaven preserve the streets of Liverpool and York from the condition of Oxford or Cambridge on the night of a grand Proctorial raid!

Gambling affords an instance in which the Government has wisely interfered, and wisely abstained from interference. It is impossible to put down the vice, or even to define it. What spectacle can be more innocent and touching than that of four subalterns sitting over a rubber at rupee points? And yet two files of privates playing for the same stakes would justly be considered gamblers of the deepest dye. Backgammon for sixpence a game is gambling among schoolboys. At the University it would be a recreation to which even the recital of the mistakes made by a freshman would be more preferable, to use the strongest comparative in existence. The only chance of getting at private gambling would be in an unlimited employment of spies, in the guise of club-waiters, billiard-markers, college-gyps, messmen, butlers, grooms, and barmaids. What Government could do, it did

thoroughly. It forbade public gaming-tables. It prohibited individuals or Companies from making it their profession to play for money with any comer. The consequences were just what would naturally result from so judicious a course of conduct. Public feeling, not being shocked by any undue restraint upon opinion or practice, rejoiced to see hells stormed by the police, green-baize tables smashed, and foreign noblemen, with doubtful linen and patriotic opinions, turning the crank instead of the roulette-wheel, and reduced from picking aces out of their sleeves in St. James's Street to performing the same office by oakum at Brixton. The effect upon private habits was far wider and more lasting than could have been produced by a direct prohibition. High play became disagreeable. Whist succeeded to hazard, and billiards to rouge-et-noir. Great Whig statesmen no longer came home to Herodotus after losing thirty thousand pounds, but read Ricardo and Bentham without any such inauspicious preliminary to their studies.

In dealing practically with this class of questions, it should never be forgotten that no greater injury can be inflicted on society than the creation of a crime. Every prohibitory law makes so many new offenders. The exigencies of the public service absolutely require that a sum should be paid by the owner of certain goods at their entrance into the country. Henceforward, whoever introduces those goods without paying the dues becomes at once a criminal. He is a smuggler. He has broken the law, and is likely to turn at short notice into a pirate or a murderer. It is an old saying that poaching is halfway to sheep-stealing. There is a far more common phase of this portentous evil, which has not been noticed as it deserves. In almost all good books, so-called "sabbath-breaking" is classed in the same list as debauchery, drunkenness, and such like. A shop-boy who prefers the cricket-ground to a dull sermon, an overworked artisan who finds Hampstead Heath or St. George's

Hill a pleasanter resort on a July Sunday than Spitalfields or Drury Lane, feels a painful consciousness that he is committing what is denounced in nine tracts out of ten to be a sin, which must be repented of before the sinner can have any part in Him who said the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. Poor fellow! He is not strong-minded or enlightened enough to claim his privilege as a Christian not to be judged with reference to New Moons or the Sabbath-day. He knows that every condemned felon, after having partaken (why do condemned felons always partake!) of his last mutton-chop and his penultimate cup of coffee, at the urgent importunity of the chaplain, confesses that Sabbath-breaking was his first step to the gallows. In obeying the laws of God, which, by unmistakeable tokens, proclaim that man must have relaxation and fresh air, or suffer for the want of them in soul and body—in obeying the laws of God, I say, he has disobeyed the dictum of all the Fathers of our Church, with the exception of Hereford. Worse than that—he has acted against his conscience. He has committed an artificial crime; but he is not the less criminal. May God be merciful to him, and to us, and to the whole Bench of Bishops!

If, then, any commodity in general use is undoubtedly deleterious, the Government is justified in putting a stop to the manufacture and sale of it. But, if the circumstances of the case prevent the adoption of this course, then by all means tax that commodity as heavily as it will bear—that is to say, up to the point at which smuggling would be so lucrative as to offer an irresistible temptation. I, for my part, should be glad to see a bill passed, permitting the prohibition of the retail sale of ardent spirits in parishes and townships, where the majority of rate-payers was in favour of such a measure. I believe this scheme would have the same effect on the drunken habits, which are the curse of the working men in England, as the suppression of public gaming-tables had on the morals of the upper classes. And

yet I am for wringing from gin every penny that it can possibly pay. A wise ruler leaves the absolute necessities of existence entirely free of burdens. Any article, the unrestricted supply of which he considers to be of eminent importance to the progress and well-being of the community, he places on the same footing as absolute necessities. In this manner Mr. Gladstone showed his regard for paper at home, and out here the same compliment has been paid to iron in this year's budget : railways being as essential to the development of India as newspapers to the spread of education in Great Britain. With the comforts of life taxation begins. Luxuries, fripperies, and fopperies pay a higher rate. But the most swinging duties are laid upon indulgences which are pernicious, or, at any rate, are liable by their nature to be abused. The most devoted lover of paradox would not dare to assert that a heavy tax has no tendency to check consumption. Who can doubt that, if the farmers of Devonshire and Sussex were allowed to grow tobacco, if Cavendish and Birdseye were imported at a registration duty of a farthing a pound, nine-tenths of the population of our isles would be blowing a cloud from morn to dewy eve? Those, then, would smoke who never smoked before, and those who once did smoke would soon be well on their way to *delirium tremens*. In vain would Dean Close warn the men of "merry Carlisle," whom he certainly never leaves long without an excuse for merriment, not to make their mouth a furnace and their nose a chimney. Did it ever occur to you how very absurd is the employment of this rhetorical style in the discussion of questions purely physical? When a man talks about my making my mouth a furnace, I always ask him why he makes his body a sewer. It is not too much to assert that, by taxing opium to the extent of six hundred per cent. on the prime cost, we diminish the use of it to one-tenth of what it would be if the drug were free. Do away with the monopoly in Bengal and Bahar, remove the transit duty on opium grown in the Native States, and

for every Chinese who is now insensible for a few hours three times a week, five will be in a state of coma all day long : the whole nation will become one vast De Quincey ; every one will neglect his work and loathe his food ; the plumpest pug-dogs will wander along the streets of Canton with impunity, and the most measly porker will die unheeded at the very door within which, oblivious of his posthumous charms, the smoker is dreaming and inhaling away his appetite and health, his manliness and intellect. No one can logically assert that it is immoral to tax opium, unless he is prepared to maintain that we can, and should, put down with a strong hand the cultivation of the poppy.

Some say that it is criminal in the Government to recognise the vice. But taxing is not the same as recognising, and recognising is not the same as approving. There is an excise on brandy, and not on butcher's meat. Does this imply that the Cabinet recognises the fact of Britons being groggy, while it refuses to take cognisance of their carnivorous propensities? It is certainly a new and somewhat startling doctrine that taxation is a form of encouragement, that protection is afforded to a traffic by loading it with a strapping duty. If this be really the case, the two great English parties must change names. Free-traders must go about in top-boots and spacious waistcoats, and Protectionists must rush to the poll under the banner of the Big Loaf. Are we to give up six millions of income, and consent to demoralise the whole East, by allowing it to buy opium dirt cheap, in order that we may appear to ignore as a nation a practice the existence of which is patent to every individual? The colonel of a regiment once remonstrated with his chaplain, because he did not attend the hospital with due regularity. The clergyman answered that, whenever he went there, the only patients he found were men suffering from diseases engendered by drink and licentiousness, and that he did not choose to recognise those sins. And yet the sins in question continued to prevail in the canton-

ment, however much the worthy man averted his countenance. Happily Lord Stanley and Sir Charles Wood do not reason like this chaplain.

In the number of *Fraser's Magazine* for October, 1862, the opium monopoly is attacked in a paper displaying much ability and profound knowledge of the subject. The writer asserts that "not one rupee of the income derived from the opium monopoly comes from any source which, in India, or indeed in any country, can, by any construction, be considered as legitimate. It is not entitled to be classed, even as a fiction, under any term of taxation in its ordinary sense. It is neither excise, duty, custom, nor land, nor other tax. It is simply the arbitrary confiscation of a certain crop at a nominal price." He previously states it as his opinion that "on moral, if not on financial grounds, some restriction, in the shape of a heavy export duty, must be placed upon a traffic that is contraband (!) and mischievous in itself, and has been unduly fostered by political encouragement." Now, the Government on moral grounds is anxious to restrict a traffic mischievous in itself, and on financial grounds desires to get as many millions from that traffic as it can be made to yield. And what better means can be devised for these purposes than a system by which every farthing beyond the smallest possible remuneration to the cultivator goes into the public chest? An enormous sliding duty would eat up the gains of the ryot quite as surely as the monopoly. Indeed, a duty would be far the more oppressive of the two; for the slightest irregularity in the operation of a tax, which professed to leave nothing to the producer except bare profits, would entail upon him ruinous consequences. The monopoly is not "the arbitrary confiscation of a certain crop at a nominal price." Nobody talks in these terms of the prohibition to cultivate tobacco in England. And yet what is the difference in principle between preventing a British farmer from growing tobacco at all, and allowing an Indian farmer to grow opium on con-

dition of selling it to the Crown at a fixed rate?

The writer thinks that "the Government might in like manner monopolize grain, cotton, rice, or any other product; buy it in at a nominal price, and sell it at ten times its value." The only answer is, that it does nothing of the sort, and that, if it did, it would be guilty of a great crime and a great folly. But would it not be a folly and a crime to lay even a heavy tax on these necessary articles? a course which the writer himself recommends us to adopt with reference to opium.

It must never be forgotten that the ryot need not grow opium, unless he prefers that crop to any other. Mr. Laing has observed, with truth, that "the cultivation of opium is so profitable to the ryot, and so popular, that we can get almost any quantity we like at these prices." This statement, in which lies the whole pith of the question, the writer does not attempt to refute, except by innuendoes about "the drug being cultivated and delivered into store under compulsion." As long as the ryots vie with each other to obtain permission to grow opium at the regulation price, as long as the stipulated quantity is collected at the end of the season over wide tracts of country, without a single appeal to a court of law, all this talk about "compulsion" is the most barefaced special pleading.

It has been said that the system of money-advances to the cultivator is in practice a system of compulsion; that the Hindoo does not know how to resist the bait of a few rupees in hand, and enters blindly into an engagement which he cannot make good without loss and hardship. But the cultivation of indigo is based upon money-advances, and yet the ryots have refused to plant indigo by tens of thousands, while the same men besiege the agents of Government with entreaties to be permitted to plant poppies. It appears, then, that this "protection of the ryot" consists in preventing him from obtaining leave to grow the crop which in his own estimation pays him the best.

The first effect of the surrender of the monopoly would be the ruin of our trade. The Chinese prefer the Government opium to a much cheaper article grown elsewhere, on account of its purity. Why do we cheerfully disburse our guinea for a *paté* from Piccadilly ? Is it not because the name of Fortnum never covered corruption ? Because the pie-dishes of Mason are not the whited sepulchres of dead cats ? Just so the Government brand at once dispels from the Mongolian mind all ideas of dirt, and rubble, and the other choice ingredients which make Bombay cotton to stink in the nostrils of Manchester. When the store of the year comes down to Calcutta, a chest is taken at random from the mass, and opened in the presence of the merchants interested in the traffic. The contents are then chemically tested, and the result published in the *Gazette*. If the manufacture were set free, the Chinese would lose confidence in Indian opium, and would refuse to pay a price so high as to allow us to levy a duty which

would in any sense compensate us for the loss of the monopoly.

Another consequence would be to entail an extra expense of half a million a year on the exchequer, to provide an army of excisemen and gaugers. At present, every acre of poppy land, nay, every pound of opium, is registered, and fraud on any but the most limited scale is quite impracticable. If the cultivation were free, it would be necessary to maintain a spy in every village to prevent the illicit sale and consumption of the drug. If we lowered the duty in order to diminish the temptation to contraband practices, the certain consequence would be an increase in the use of opium—surely a most questionable result of this boasted boon to morality and civilization.

By this time, my Simkins, you must have had opium enough to send you asleep ; so no more at present.

Sincerely yours,

H. BROUGHTON.

VINCENZO ; OR, SUNKEN ROCKS.

BY JOHN RUFFINI, AUTHOR OF "LORENZO BENONI," "DOCTOR ANTONIO," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"I CAN'T GET OUT," SAID THE
STARLING.

THERE was a revival of sensibility in Vincenzo, brought about by Barnaby's letter, and which was attended by a curious mental phenomenon. Hitherto the image of Rose and that of her father had come to him, as he had seen them during the painful circumstances which preceded his departure. There was a scowl on their brows, a curl on their lips, defiance in their eyes. But from the moment he had received Barnaby's scrawl, as if by a spell, Vincenzo's mind began to reflect the reverse of the medal. The Rose of yesterday gradually faded from his thoughts, and instead there

stood, as though on a pedestal, the Rose of former days—the gentle patroness, friend and peacemaker ; the discontented, irritable, father-in-law, in his turn, lost his scowl in a smile, and was replaced by the stanch protector and benefactor, grumbling now and then *pro formâ*, but beaming with benevolence and good humour. The effect of these sweet besetting recollections may easily be guessed. As the memory of past kindness obliterated that of recent harshness, as sentiment grew preponderant over reason, so Vincenzo began to doubt the legitimacy of his revolt. Not on the ground of insufficiency of provocation—as to that, Vincenzo's conviction was unalterable—but on the ground of the peculiar situation in which he stood towards the givers of the provocation.

Was he, considering his antecedents, entitled to resent any thing from that quarter? This misgiving did not arise all of a sudden, nor was it uncombated; we have compressed within a few lines the work of weeks and weeks; but, once born, it rankled in his bosom, and gave him no truce. Vincenzo turned to Onofrio for succour against himself. He said one day—

"Can you conceive a state of relations between two individuals which places one of them morally at the mercy of the other?"

"I can't say I do between two civilized and rational individuals," returned Onofrio. "I see nothing at all approaching to this problem of yours, except the relation of a son to a father; and even then, you know, there are limits to the duties of a son, as there are to the authority of a father."

"In my opinion," said Vincenzo, "there are ties more binding, more deeply enchainning the conscience, than even the natural ones between son and father. I mean those between the recipient of voluntarily-bestowed benefits and the benefactor; when, for instance, a man on whom you have no claim, to whom you are a stranger, takes you by the hand, and, from boyhood upwards gives you not only your daily bread, but also the far more precious food of the mind; treats you, in fact, to all intents and purposes like a beloved son, even to the extent of giving you his only daughter;—I say that your duty to that man is unlimited."

"The case in itself is strong, and you have put it strongly," said Onofrio; "and your conclusion?"

"And my conclusion," replied Vincenzo, "is, that I am not justifiable in thwarting that man's will, whatever it may be."

"Even if his will were to throw himself out of window?" asked Onofrio.

"His will in reference to me," explained Vincenzo, fretfully.

"Even," urged Onofrio, "if his will should be to roast you alive?"

"The moment is ill-chosen for indulging in jests."

"My dear boy, one may be roasted alive morally as well as physically," said Onofrio, gravely, "and a jest may be opportune in the most serious moment, when it conveys a sober truth—the truth that there are and must be limits to self-abnegation. The present question is one which must be tested by reason and not by sentiment. Now reason clearly shows you that you have duties of many kinds, and a theory which sacrifices to one all the others cannot but be fallacious and dangerous. The clergy do not proceed otherwise, when they subordinate all their obligations as citizens to their allegiance to Rome. It too often happens, it is true, that duties clash, and render a painful choice necessary; but that, thank God, is not your case. Nothing new of any consequence has altered your position from what it was three months ago. I understand what your shake of the head means—that there is sadness at Rumelli. Sadness, mind, and not broken hearts, as your imagination represents it! Well, if they are sad, for my part I am glad of it; sadness will inspire them with wise reflections, and do them good, and you too. In conclusion, I see no shadow of a reason why you should abandon the experiment on which you were so bent. The question as to who is to be master in your family, you or Don Pio, seems to me worth pursuing to a solution."

Onofrio's plain logic went home to Vincenzo's reason, who felt so much strengthened and comforted by it that he believed himself proof against any recurrence of his late misgivings; but he soon found out that what he had mistaken for a radical cure was a mere respite. The intellect may be convinced, and yet the heart doubt. A fortnight had scarcely elapsed, and here was poor Vincenzo once more plunged in the same sea of perplexities, once more arguing against himself with an ingenuity that an advocate for the adverse party might have envied him.

"The situation in which I stand," reasoned Vincenzo, "is one of my own seeking, the fruit of my own blindness; and I cannot, without injustice, call

anybody but myself to account for the disagreeables I find in it. Least of all Rose, who has sacrificed for me the prospect, nay the certainty, of a far more advantageous establishment. If she has spoiled my life, I have spoiled hers, and we are quits. She is not naturally ill-tempered, quite the contrary; and—had she married, instead of me, a blockhead, such as there are plenty of, fearing God and the curé, very abstemious in politics, and disposed to enjoy the good things of the earth, which her fortune would procure him—there's every chance she would have made him an excellent and pleasant wife. What right, then, have I to complain, and to talk big and act big? Far more manly and rational to accept the situation which I myself sought, with all the good and bad and indifferent inherent in it."

"Not, at least, until you have satisfied your own mind that no efforts of yours can improve that situation," retorted Onofrio.

"What means have I for ever arriving at any satisfactory conclusion on that score?" asked Vincenzo.

"A little longer perseverance in your present course, and the judgment of your friend."

Onofrio, from the first, had entertained but little confidence in the firmness of Vincenzo's angry determination, and that little had vanished long ago. The only object of his present opposition was to gain time, in the faint hope that each succeeding day might bring from Rumelli some overtures for a compromise, which would spare his young friend the humiliation and the danger of a surrender at discretion. For all that was come and gone, Onofrio's estimation of Vincenzo's character remained unaltered; and exactly in that which many would have scoffed at as weakness he only saw and respected the working of a rare conscientiousness, excited to morbidness by what were truly exceptional antecedents. And when, in answer to his arguments, Vincenzo would say, as he often would, "You speak at your ease, because you are not

me," Onofrio, in his heart of hearts, was ready to admit the full force of the objection. Like most men who have seen and suffered much, Onofrio was indulgent to others—severe only to himself.

June dragged on heavily, July was passed, and August was at hand, and still no signs of life came from Rumelli. Vincenzo's task was verging towards its close; and the moment of its completion, according to all probability, would also be that of the resumption of his chain. Onofrio was at his wit's end how to avert that calamity, were it only for a period. He tried (in military parlance) a desperate diversion. He said one day, "I have this morning seen Count Cavour." (Count Cavour, but lately returned from the congress in Paris, was at the zenith of his power and popularity.) "He was in high spirits, as he well may be, and very talkative and friendly. I have scarcely a doubt that, if I were to recommend you to him, he would find some suitable employment for you."

Vincenzo's face brightened at these words.

Onofrio went on: "I am sure he has not forgotten your report; he forgets nothing. That is the man to give you scope for the full play of your talents, to satisfy your ambition to be of use to your country. Shall I speak to him—what do you say?"

In the interim Vincenzo's features had fallen, and now intense dejection was their only expression.

"No, thank you, my good, my dear, my true friend. I will not repay your kind interest by making you commit yourself a second time for me. If I had not this gnawing vulture within me, I should be proud and happy to sweep the office of such a man as Cavour; as it is, I am useless even for that. I feel that, sooner or later, my destiny will force me back."

The figure of Don Pio triumphant alone stood between Vincenzo and Rumelli; and, as things turned out, even that was no longer an obstacle.

He dreamed, one night, that the

Signor Avvocato had been taken suddenly ill, and was dying. We must premise that the thought of such a contingency, suggested by the old man's growing obesity and sedentary habits, had intruded itself more than once into Vincenzo's mind, both during his last stay at Rumelli and since. The dream had all the vividness of reality. The scene of it was the dining-room on the ground-floor of the Palace. On a mattress on the floor lay stretched, at full length, the Signor Avvocato's powerful frame, to all appearance a corpse. The eyes were shut, the teeth clenched, the nostrils pinched, the rigid countenance of a cadaverous hue. Bending over the motionless form in deadly suspense, were Rose, Barnaby, and Guiseppe, all three on their knees, so as to be nearer to watch it. At the head of the mattress stood Don Pio, breviary in hand, reciting the prayers for the dying. Farther back were grouped all the household, with blanched faces. Vincenzo himself was wondering how no one thought of fetching old Geronimo, an old man belonging to Rumelli, who knew how to bleed.

After a while the closed eyes opened, and stared slowly at each of the bystanders in succession, then pryed restlessly into all the corners of the room.

"He is looking for Vincenzo," whispered Rose.

Vincenzo, as is usual in dreams, could see and hear all this, though not there.

Presently the lips of the dying man moved as if he were speaking, but no sound issued from them. He shook his head forlornly, and shut his eyes again. All was over.

"*Requiescat in pace,*" said Don Pio.

Vincenzo awoke in an agony of terror, and it took some time and the testimony of his senses to force the certainty upon him that he had been the dupe of a dream. Yes, thank God, it was a dream ; but one which might become a terrible reality any day. How stupid of him never to have thought of the possibility—rather, how heartless ! Only imagine his benefactor, his second father, breathing his last, and he not there—he, the

son, the creature of that dying man, not by his side to receive his farewell blessing ! Unnatural, horrible, monstrous, impossible ! And his hair rose on end as in fancy he put himself face to face with the Irreparable ; as he pictured to himself his own feelings on the morrow of such a day—the feelings of Cain in his heart—the curse of heaven and earth on his head—remorse and despair everlasting. Oh ! rather than *that* should be, he was ready to do anything ; to crawl in the dust and entreat forgiveness. Yes, rather than *that* should be, he would willingly be the slave of Don Pio all his life long. What would Don Pio's triumph matter to him, so long as he felt himself guiltless ? Provided only that he was in time—that this awful dream was not the shadow cast by a dread reality ! Truly, he must have been out of his mind to give to such contingencies the fearful odds of five months. Five months ! when a day, an hour, a moment, would suffice to bring to pass the Irrecoverable !

This whirlwind of passion lasted the whole night : one of those nights which turn black hair grey. With the light of day the feverish organism calmed, and was followed by complete prostration ; but his resolve remained immutable. Few and solemn were the words in which he communicated his determination, and the occasion of it, to Onofrio.

"I must go, dear friend," wound up Vincenzo ; "the past claims me ; the past is my Prometheus' rock ; I am chained to it indissolubly. Be kind to me to the last, even to sparing me your remonstrances. They can change nothing in my resolution ; they can only pain and weaken me, and I need all the little energy I have left to meet my fate decently. A hard fate—I cherish no illusions as to that ; I descend into my tomb with my eyes open. I know what awaits me out there, and I shudder in thinking of it. But it must be. I have no choice, but of unhappiness ; I choose, therefore, to be unhappy at Rumelli with a clear conscience, rather than be so here with my conscience troubled — *sotto l'asbergo del sentirsi*

puro, you know. As to you, my stanch, my noble, my indulgent friend, what can I say to you . . . that——”

The rest was lost in a sudden burst of tears. And Onofrio, old as he was, and hardened to trials, and well accustomed to control himself—well, Onofrio did exactly what he saw Vincenzo do, sobbed and cried like a child. Such was the parting between the elderly and the young man.

And now, before accompanying Vincenzo to Rumelli, we must take a trip thither on our own account, and try to ascertain the frame of mind in which were father and daughter, and the sort of reception which their state of feeling forebodes the fugitive—a reception, we apprehend, different from that which he had met with after his first escapade and wanderings with Colonel Roganti. The Signor Avvocato had so little expected Vincenzo to put into execution his threat of going away, that he doubted the fact long after it was publicly patent ; and, when he could no longer doubt it, he flew into a frantic rage. It was the bursting forth of a fire which had been smouldering for upwards of a year. The circumstance that the offender had just been convicted of a lie and of a calumny against his father-in-law lent to the act of rebellion a peculiarly heinous character.

Well, the furious old gentleman gave vent to his anger in a letter, the tenor of which frightened even Rose, incensed as she was. Don Pio intervened and remonstrated. The letter was given up ; a great concession, and obtained with the greatest difficulty. Another epistle was concocted between the Signor Avvocato and Don Pio—another, which, though sharp and peremptory enough, was to the first what whey is to vinegar. The answer reached Rumelli by return of post. We saw Vincenzo pen it with great care, and an inward chuckle at the prospect of the effect it would produce. All that he could have expected was far surpassed. A shell falling into a barrel of gunpowder could not have produced a greater explosion than did Vincenzo's letter. The violence of the old man's

passion was truly terrific ; he stormed and raged and foamed at the mouth like one possessed ; he loaded his son-in-law, that viper that he had warmed in his bosom, with the vilest abuse ; he yearned, he prayed for revenge, and revenge he would have ; he would institute a law-suit for a legal separation, and, if his daughter ever dared to do as much as look at that abominable wretch again, he would disown her, consign her to beggary. None like feeble characters, when once they have broken bounds, for rushing into the maddest extremes.

Again Don Pio had to interfere, and remonstrate against the sending of a letter to Vincenzo, far worse than the first, and of another to an old lawyer in Ibella, directing him to take legal steps for his daughter's separation from her husband. “What was the use,” argued Don Pio, “of giving publicity to family differences, which had far better be hushed up ?” Again, however just the Signor Avvocato's resentment, it did not justify the addressing unchristian and ungentelemanly language to his son-in-law. Why write at all ? The Signor Avvocato would consult his dignity far more by remaining silent. Absolute and persevering silence could alone, if anything could, reclaim Vincenzo and bring him home. (We see from this how exactly Onofrio had hit the mark when he attributed to Don Pio the plot of keeping silence.) Don Pio's last argument it was which made the strongest impression upon the old gentleman, who asked eagerly, “Do you really believe that, if he hears from none of us, he will return ?”

“That is my opinion,” said Don Pio.

“Well, then, I shall not write ; nobody shall. Not for the world will I miss the chance of having him here,”—(Is he softening already ? thought the priest) “were it only for a minute,” went on the old man with a sudden burst of savage energy, “to trample him under my feet—to spit in his face—to—” ; he lacked images and expressions strong enough for his feelings.

Henceforth revenge became a ruling passion, a fixed idea with him—revenge

on the monster of ingratitude on whom he had lavished every good thing, even to his daughter, and who, in return, had broken his and his child's heart ! Of the provocations given, of altered circumstances—no passing thought. Vincenzo was still, in his godfather's eyes, the humble boy in fustian of other days, whose only duty and business in life was to be submissive. Time did not take off the rage of this craving for vengeance ; it rather sharpened it, by the increasing fear it brought lest the craving should go unsatisfied. And those were gloomy days indeed, when this dread got the upper hand, when, rousing himself from a long meditation, the father would say to the daughter with a despairing shake of the head, "Ah ! he won't come after all."

Rose's feelings with regard to her husband were scarcely less acute than her father's. She acknowledged to herself that Vincenzo had received great provocation ; but not the less did she hold him responsible for all the injury he was doing her father. The old man's health could not but suffer from the troubled condition of his mind ; his digestion was bad, his nights often sleepless, and the old pains in his left side were more frequent and keener than of old ; indeed, the weakness of the whole of that side of his body had increased to such an extent that, even when actually exempt from pain, he was unable to walk without a stick.

But, of the three persons whom Vincenzo had offended, the least embittered against him was Don Pio. Why so ? Because Don Pio had too much character himself not to esteem character in others ; and, prepared as he was to keep his own against Vincenzo to the last, he could not help respecting him for the spirit and independence shown in the fact and manner of his departure. Such was the mined ground on which Vincenzo was about to venture. Was it a presentiment of its danger that made him so weary of limb, so faint of heart ? It could not have been so ; for, let him have given the reins to the sombrest fancy, he never could have imagined a

state of things at all approaching the reality which lay in wait for him. He was weary of limb and faint of heart, because he knew that by the mere act of setting foot again in the Palace he would consummate his abdication of all independence throughout life ; and, though resolved to do it, he felt sinking under the sacrifice.

The bells of all the churches of Ibella were striking noon when he entered the little town—a most propitious hour for passing through it with the least chance of awkward meetings, every one being then at dinner. He stole through the streets quietly, and without accident, and soon found himself on the high road to Rumelli. It was one of the last days of August, when the splendour of the sun is most dazzling, the heat oppressive ; and the dust, that plague of dry climates, lay five inches thick on the ground. Vincenzo went on a little way, then looked about him for a shady spot, and laid himself down in it. That elasticity of foot and of spirits which had once enabled him to fly over the distance between Rumelli and Ibella in an hour and a half, was no longer his. True, his present errand was widely different from that which had at that time lent wings to his feet—he was then going to recover Rose's purse—while now He had yet another reason for wasting as much time as he could on the road : he wished to arrive at his destination when all this glare around him should have subsided. The mere idea of standing before his wife and his father-in-law in that strong light, harassed him. And then, the later he arrived, the less chance he had of finding Don Pio at the Palace ; not for the world would he have had him present at the meeting. Accordingly, he proceeded leisurely by short stages, with long rests between. Presently he came to a part of the country where the gathering of the grapes, everywhere else at an end, was still going on in the vineyards skirting the road. It was a busy, a gay, a most picturesque scene ; merry sights and merry sounds met the ear and eye on all sides. Every one seemed happy. Vincenzo could not

help drawing a comparison between his joylessness and the light-heartedness of these peasants. He thought, with a sigh, "How far better for me had I remained, as I was born, one of them."

It was near five o'clock when he approached Rumelli ; and oh ! how his heart beat at sight of the well-known Belvedere, topping the gentle slope, and of the Palace towering beyond. He shrunk from traversing the village in a state of emotion which gave him the aspect of a criminal ; so, diving into the nearest bushes to the right, he made his way as best he could, through fields and fences and ditches, in an upward direction towards the Castle. One glance at that awkward building had satisfied him beforehand that it was not inhabited. All the windows were closed, and everything on the face of it, as well as the neglect of the grounds, spoke of absenteeism and decay. For the first time for many years Vincenzo thought of young Del Palmetto, and, with a sort of compunction for having so completely erased him from his recollection, wondered what had become of him. Perhaps he was dead ; soldiers died young—poor Ambrosio was an instance.

While thus thinking, Vincenzo emerged, after a long circuit, into the road below Rose's Belvedere, almost on the spot where young Del Palmetto on horseback had stopped to bid her adieu, and had snatched from the summer-house window the purse she was then working. Here lay the most perilous part of Vincenzo's journey ; from thence to the gate of the avenue the highway lay between two walls, so as to allow of no escape from any one coming from the Palace. Now, to meet Don Pio, or indeed any member of the household, would have been to Vincenzo, in his present mood, something intolerable. Accordingly, faint with fatigue, emotion and heat as he was, he ran on at a quick pace until past the gate ; then, being in comparative safety, he lay down on the ground to take breath. So near, why not go in at once ? Because that odious garish glare of day was not yet subdued, and then he wanted still a little respite

to get composed ; he felt so out of joint. At the end of a good half hour, however, there was a sound of steps and voices from up the hill. Vincenzo did not stay to see who or how many were the new comers, but got up in a hurry, and walked on to the gate, went through and up the avenue. The sobered light which pervaded the shaded walk was most welcome. As far as his eye could reach, no living soul to be seen ; that was another comfort. The Palace, as we know, stood upon a raised terrace, accessible from the avenue by a short flight of steps. At the foot of these Vincenzo stopped a few seconds, pressed both hands on his heart, which felt ready to burst, then tottered up the steps.

Seated in front of the door, or rather sunk in an arm chair, was the master of the Palace—his head drooping forward on his chest, his arms hanging down heavily on either side of the chair, his eyes rivetted to the ground—a very image of desolation. The sight was too much for Vincenzo, a mist came over his eyes, his legs gave way under him, and he would have fallen had he not grasped the balustrade, which ran breast high on both sides of the flight of steps. At the same instant the old gentleman looked up, and, as his glance fell upon the unexpected apparition, his eyes dilated frightfully ; in a twinkling the pale face grew purple, and a fiendish grin lighted it up. He got on his feet after a struggle, and by the help of a cane placed by his chair, limped stealthily towards Vincenzo ; when within reach of him, he balanced himself so as to be able to stand without support, and then, lifting up the cane, dealt a blow with it at the young man's head, which sent his hat flying. Up went the cane and down again it would have come, God knows with what possible effect, on the now bare head, but for Barnaby's timely interposition. Barnaby (we have hitherto lacked the opportunity to mention the fact) was at work within a few paces of his master at the moment of Vincenzo's arrival ; only the work he was at, the training of some creeping plants

about the windows of the great hall, necessitated his turning his back to the quarter from whence Vincenzo had come, and thus it was that he had not seen him. The rest needs no further explanation.

"Are you going to take up the trade of a negro-driver?" cried Barnaby, as he arrested the raised hand and hurled away the cane. Then, turning to Vincenzo, "Art thou hurt, my poor boy?—not much, only a scratch. Come along with me; this is no place for thee; it is a madhouse," and, putting his arm within Vincenzo's, he dragged the young man down the steps and along the avenue. Dragged is the word, for Vincenzo was shaking from head to foot, and staggering like a drunken man. "Why didst thou not write that thou wert coming? Why come at all? Weren't thy friends down there kind to thee? Wert thou short of money? And, if so, why not write and say so?"

To this avalanche of questions, Vincenzo gave no answer—probably he had not heard them.

Barnaby went on—"Thou shalt never want money again. I have found a capital investment for my savings—eight per cent., eight per cent. on twenty-four thousand francs; there's enough and to spare for living like a gentleman, isn't there? Thou sayest nothing?"

"Where are we going?" asked Vincenzo, startled by the sight of the gate.

"To Rumelli, for the present," replied Barnaby.

"No, no, I am not going away from this—I will not go," exclaimed Vincenzo, looking scared. "Take me to some quiet place, some dark corner where I can rest, and think—I must think . . . long."

A quiet out of the way corner was not difficult to find.

Once there, Vincenzo sat down and said, "Now let me think, but don't leave me." He clasped his head with both hands, and thought—thought on, and on, and on, even until Barnaby could scarcely see his face for the growing obscurity, and yet Vincenzo went on still thinking. The instinct of self-preservation and the spirit of self-immolation

were waging a great battle within Vincenzo's bosom. In the face of the extreme pass to which things had come at the Palace, did what he had considered his duty hold good, or cease? Was he to go, or was he to stay? These were the questions, the solution of which he sought in an agony of body and mind. He found it at last, and said aloud, "I remain."

"A downright piece of folly," said Barnaby; "he's capable of murdering you."

"Let him," replied Vincenzo; "better die with the sense of having done right, than live with a troubled conscience. Listen to me, Barnaby;" and he related to the old man his dream of the night before, described the horror and despair which had seized on him at the mere thought of the possible realization of that dream—told it all so vividly and forcibly that Barnaby began to tremble like an aspen leaf. "And now," wound up Vincenzo, "you can understand why I choose to remain."

"I do," was Barnaby's concise answer.

"Well, then, let us return to the house," said Vincenzo, rising. "Are we likely, do you think, to find . . . anybody in our way?"

"I should say not," replied Barnaby; "it has struck nine, and the Signor Avvocato goes to his own room very early. At all events, I can go on before hand, and see if the coast is clear."

"No, my good friend, no attempts at concealment. I am ready for anything, resigned to everything that can happen. Only I would fain avoid any further scene this evening. I am fairly worn out and faint."

They took their way towards the house. There were lights in the Signor Avvocato's apartment. All was safe. They stole in, as they thought unperceived, and went up to the third story in the dark. Vincenzo had so long slept in a room in the attics before last leaving the Palace that he now returned thither from mere habit. Barnaby wished him good-night, but lurked about in the corridor until he heard the bolt fastened inside, which gave him the assurance

that his earnest recommendation had been acted upon.

But Vincenzo had not stolen in unperceived as he had imagined. Rose had been on the watch for him. She had heard from her father of her husband's arrival, and of the sort of reception he had met with, and she was burning with curiosity to ascertain whether he had set off again, which seemed to her most probable, or whether he was going to remain. The moment she saw him from her window coming towards the house, she ran on tiptoe to the door of her chamber, which opened on the stairs, and listened, listened in mortal suspense, lest he should seek access to her. Not for the world would she have had him do so ; principally, it must be allowed, because she had the moral certainty that her father was on the look-out, and would immediately interfere. And yet, at the sound of the well-known footstep passing the landing without a moment's hesitation, Rose felt—shall we say disappointed ? No, but slighted, and piqued in proportion. Had Vincenzo sought her, ten to one but that he had been sent about his business pretty sharply ; he had not done so, and he was equally in fault. Poor Vincenzo ! he had a hopeless game to play.

CHAPTER XL.

SWEETS OF HOME.

EARLY next morning Signora Candia hastened to the parsonage, and made Don Pio acquainted with her husband's arrival, her father's assault upon him, and her own distress of mind at the possible repetition of so disgraceful a scene. Rose, like most women, had a thorough abhorrence of violence. Don Pio, with praiseworthy alacrity, returned with her to the Palace, and read her father a severe lecture on his conduct of the previous afternoon. The priest felt really indignant, and did not mince his words. He said that the Signor Avvocato ought to be ashamed of himself ; that the act of brutality of which

he had been guilty, scarcely excusable in an uneducated unreflecting boor, was unpardonable in a gentleman and a scholar, let alone in a Christian. How could he claim respect from others, when he showed so little self-respect ? Having right on his side, he had wilfully put himself in the wrong ; for if, in consequence of the indignity inflicted on him, Signor Vincenzo had gone away for ever, who would not acquit him—who would not condemn the Signor Avvocato ? He (the curé) would for one.

The old gentleman admitted that he had given way to an uncontrollable fury of passion, and promised that such a thing should not again occur ; that is, supposing that the . . . the person in question, should choose to stay at the Palace. Well, if he chose to remain, the Signor Avvocato had no objection to his doing so—no objection to supplying him with his daily bread, as he had done up to that very moment, but on condition that that bread should be eaten elsewhere than at his (the Signor Avvocato's) table. After what had passed, he and the person in question could not possibly sit at the same board. Don Pio urged plenty of obvious reasons against this unnatural exclusion ; but the Signor Avvocato would listen to none, and stuck sturdily to his point. "After all," said the curé to Rose, as she accompanied him down stairs, "it is a difficulty of form, and not of substance, which I hope we shall be able to remove in a few days. You must, however, let Signor Vincenzo know of the Signor Avvocato's resolve, in order that all possible disagreeable complications may be avoided. He has good sense enough, I hope, to make a virtue of necessity."

Rose perfectly understood how urgent it was to have Vincenzo warned in time, and at once hit upon Barnaby as the fittest ambassador for the occasion. As to going herself to her husband's room, in her present temper of mind, she would as soon have thought of entering a lion's den, had there been such a thing at Rumelli ; and, even had her heart inclined her to seek Vincenzo, which it

did not, the fear of her father would have held her back. The Signor Avvocato was full of suspicions, was on the *qui vive* whenever he heard her step on the stair, calling out to know where she had been or was going, not omitting to caution her by hints against siding with his enemies. Rose, therefore, had, as it were, to lie in wait for Barnaby; and, to give herself a chance of catching him unseen by the Signor Avvocato, she kept wandering from her room to the kitchen, and from the kitchen to her room, taking care to tread heavily in going up and down stairs, and humming one air after the other, that her father, from his room, might be sure of her whereabouts.

Barnaby, in the meanwhile, had been to listen at Vincenzo's door a score of times or more, until at last, seeing that it was nearly ten o'clock, and his patience being quite exhausted, he had knocked and obtained admittance. Vincenzo had slept soundly all night, and felt much better, only very weak.

"Thou art in want of something to eat; that's what is the matter," said Barnaby.

Vincenzo agreed, the more so as he now recollected that he had not tasted any food since leaving Turin.

"Give me some bread, Barnaby—I say bread, only bread, do you hear? If you bring anything else, I shall not touch it."

Barnaby, in going to fetch the bread, met Signora Candia, who gave him the message for Vincenzo. Barnaby received it with the most expressive grimace of disapproval at his command; he said nothing, however, but went on his errand. Vincenzo ate the bread, and the bunch of grapes Barnaby had ventured, in spite of orders, also to bring, with an appetite growing keener with every mouthful, and felt wonderfully revived. While Vincenzo was eating, the old gardener seemed lost in a brown study. "By-the-bye," said he all at once, "I think you are too weak to go down to dinner."

"Not at all," said Vincenzo; "I feel quite strong now."

"I tell you, you look horridly pale and worn out, and unfit for any exertion," insisted Barnaby; "take my advice, stay quietly in your own room, and I'll bring you up something at dinner-time."

"No such thing," protested Vincenzo. "I shall go down to dinner. I have made up my mind to do so."

Barnaby, in great distress, scratched his bald pate. At last he mumbled out, "Better not expose yourself to be insulted...."

"If any affront is offered to me, I shall not resent it," replied Vincenzo; "but I shall not act as if I expected and deserved such treatment. My place is at the same table with my father-in-law and my wife, and that place I shall seek. If it is refused me, I shall submit. Understand this, Barnaby, I have no intention of defending any of the rights or privileges of my position, should they be contested; but it is as little my purpose to surrender one tittle of them voluntarily."

"You are right; you are a true man," cried the old gardener with naive admiration; "there's more spirit in one of your little fingers than in the whole carcass of such a downright old coward as I am." And, to give greater emphasis to this sentiment, Barnaby took the striped cotton cap off his head and threw it on the floor.

A quarter of an hour before the dinner was served, Barnaby slipped into the dining-room, added a third cover to the two already on the table, and stood sentinel over it with the look, we can imagine, of the dragon watching the golden apples of the garden of the Hesperides. Presently the Signor Avvocato came in. His first glance took in the addition made by Barnaby. "Who is that third knife and fork and plate for?" asked the old gentleman with a frown.

"For Signor Vincenzo," answered Barnaby, quite gently.

"The devil take him," growled the Signor Avvocato; "clear those things away."

"They are for your daughter's husband," said Barnaby, warning.

"The devil take him, I say. Do you hear me?—clear away those things," was the peremptory answer.

"They are for the son of that Angelo Candia who lost his life in your service ; do *you* hear?" cried Barnaby, exasperated.

Whatever was the retort which rose to the tip of his tongue, this time the Signor Avvocato choked it back, and said instead, "I see what it is ; I shall have to give up my place to that person. I shall have to go and dine in my room."

"If you do, you must first walk over the body of your father's old servant," shouted Barnaby ; and, sure enough, the old fellow deliberately flung himself down across the threshold.

To pass over the prostrate figure without doing it some injury, was, for one so bulky and infirm as the Signor Avvocato, a matter of physical impossibility. Was it that which made him desist, or was his energy spent for the moment, or his heart touched by Barnaby's allusion to Signor Pietro ? Whatever the cause or causes, the Signor Avvocato, without further remonstrance, limped sulkily to the table, and sulkily took his usual seat. Barnaby was scarcely on his feet again when Vincenzo entered the room. He was dreadfully pale, but to all appearance composed ; he bowed low to his father-in-law, who looked another way, and nodded to his wife, who slightly nodded in return, and then sat down. That day Barnaby chose to wait at table ; and, between one dish and the other, gave the company a history of what was going on in the parish—beginning with Martha who had got twins, and Peter's son, who had been caught stealing grapes, and ending with the great rumour of the day—viz. that *it was said* the Marquis del Palmetto had just made a rich marriage, and was soon expected at the Castle. Barnaby's monologue, for he addressed no one in particular, and seemed to rattle on for his own exclusive benefit, met with no other interruption than sundry snarling

sounds proceeding from the Signor Avvocato, which the orator did not deign to notice.

The dinner was short, though it seemed long to all parties ; the master of the house made it shorter still by rising at dessert and taking himself away, in evident high dudgeon. Rose followed him immediately. Vincenzo, thus left alone, with the instinct of a wounded animal went out to seek some lonely spot, where he might lie unmolested on the grass, and meditate on his sad plight. He had plenty of leisure to do this, and to doze and yawn to his heart's content. At eight o'clock he went in to supper, which, as regarded any interchange of sympathy, or any agreeable intercourse, was the exact counterpart of the dinner, with the exception of Barnaby's chatter. By nine, again in his own bed-chamber, and a few minutes later in his bed.

The morrow brought no change in the mode of proceeding adopted by the Signor Avvocato and his daughter ; and, to make a long story short, Vincenzo's pittance of the first day became his daily diet. With some slight variations, though ; one of which was, that the icy silence during meal-time was occasionally superseded by a blustering volley of abuse levelled at the young man, under the shelter of another name. One day, the theme of the discourse would be the son of a chemist at Ibella, who had broken open his father's desk, and gone off with the money nobody knew where. The Signor Avvocato had always predicted that he would turn out ill ; for what good could be expected of a proud-stomached, conceited fellow, without feeling, as without fear of God, &c. &c. and so on for a quarter of an hour. Or it was a tirade against that penniless adventurer, the singing master, who had so long made love to the daughter of the Commandant of Ibella, and had at last managed to marry her. And what had been the result ? Why, that he had grown as arrogant, and imperious after, as he had been humble and honey-tongued before—playing the fine gentleman, never having money enough for

his wants, and in a fair way to break his wife's and his father-in-law's hearts.

"And served them right," said the Signor Avvocato ; "for how could they be so blind as not to see that he only cared for their money, the vile snivelling good-for-nothing scamp that he was."

These instances were not very appropriate to Vincenzo's case ; but they were excellent pegs on which to hang invective, and that was what the Signor Avvocato desired. Sometimes it would be Vincenzo's dearest political feelings and preferences that the Signor Avvocato would fall upon and lash till the blood came, on the back of Count Cavour or some other statesman of note.

"What," would he thunder forth—"what has been the final result of their policy?—The kingdom impoverished and on the brink of bankruptcy, taxation swollen to unbearable proportions, the country divided against itself, all respect for religion gone," &c. &c.

But these ebullitions grew rarer, and in course of time ceased altogether—the distemper lost its acute character, and lapsed into a chronic disease. The keen eagerness to wound and trample under foot subsided into the quiet indulgence of slighting and ignoring. Father and daughter took to discussing their interests and affairs at their meals, with no more reference to the third person sitting at table with them than if he had not been present. But for Don Pio, who dined twice a week at the Palace, and never failed to inquire after Signor Candia's health, and otherwise now and then address his conversation to him—but for Don Pio, we say, and Barnaby, Vincenzo might easily have forgotten how to speak. To be impartial, we must here note that Vincenzo on his side did nothing to mend this uncomfortable state of affairs. After the sacrifice of self which he had made, Rose's husband felt entitled to a better treatment than he received ; and thus, though submitting to it, he did not accept it as his due. Accordingly, if he carefully avoided in his manner and bearing whatever might in the least look like defiance, he was equally guarded against doing any-

thing which could be interpreted as a wish to propitiate.

Except at meal times, Vincenzo kept out of sight all day long. There were two or three sheltered nooks in the park which were his favourite resorts ; there he lay on the sward, and spent the long hours in doing nothing. As for his old haunt, once so dear—Rose's Belvedere—he never now went near it ; it had too many associations not to be instinctively shunned. If he carried a book with him, it soon dropped from his hand, and lay forgotten by his side. If, bored by inaction, he got up to walk, he presently sat down again bored by exertion. His mental and bodily faculties were gradually sinking into a state of stagnation. Books once so prized, nature once so loved and enjoyed, were now regarded with indifference. Even politics had ceased to excite him. Of all earthly things that had once an interest in his eyes, only one retained a value—one never likely to be his again—liberty ; to be again his own master—the forbidden fruit. Ennui devoured him—ennui without hope of release ; his one cheering thought was that with which at night he laid his head on the pillow.

"Another day gone !"

And, when winter set in (all idea of removing to Ibella had been long given up by the Signor Avvocato), which fortunately was late in the year, and the long dreary hours had to be got through within four bare walls, instead of in the open air, beguiled by a multitude of half-unheeded diversions of sound, and colour and form, filling park, or wood, or glade—then, indeed, Vincenzo's lot became almost intolerable ; and, had it not been for Barnaby, his sole friend and companion, whose sympathy, especially when silent, was a balm of unspeakable comfort to the recluse, Vincenzo, as he often himself declared, would have gone mad, or done worse.

He never set his foot beyond the precincts of the Palace, except on Sundays, when he attended mass at the parish church—an extremely painful duty for one whose sociable inclinations were not likely to be increased by the life of

solitary confinement he was leading, and who moreover felt himself to be the butt of an embarrassing and often of an offensive curiosity. The Rumellians, who, so long as his good fortune lasted, had taken it for granted that it was deserved, no sooner discovered that a cloud hung over him, than they began to entertain doubts as to his having merited his prosperity, and to show pretty plainly that opinion. Fortunately the necessity of appearing in public ceased at the coming of the new year ; and here was how it happened:—

For some time previous to Vincenzo's return, the Signor Avvocato, to his own and his daughter's infinite sorrow, had been obliged to give up going to church. His increasing obesity, and the pain and weakness of his left side, made it too difficult and painful for him to get in and out of a carriage. Don Pio had immediately suggested the propriety of sending a petition to Rome to ask permission for the erection and consecration of a chapel in the Palace, where the family might hear mass said. No one can doubt that the suggestion was eagerly caught at by Rose and her father. Don Pio wrote the petition, had it backed by the Bishop of the diocese, and despatched it. In a little less than four months there came an answer from the authorities at Rome granting the request ; and, a couple of days later, several skilful workmen, brought for the purpose from Ibella, were busy partitioning off, by means of large fixed panels with folding doors in the centre, a good portion of the great dining hall on the ground floor, and raising an altar in this kind of alcove. When this little impromptu chapel was finished and properly provided with all the articles necessary for Divine worship, the Bishop came in state to consecrate it—our old acquaintance of Ibella, that very dignitary whose absence on St. Urban's fête, in 1848, had sealed the defeat of the Castle, and the triumph of the Palace. We need scarcely add that there was a great dinner on the occasion, the first there had been for many a day at the Palace, and that a good deal of edifying talk seasoned

the courses, more than half the guests belonging to the clergy. The upshot of all this was, that, beginning from the next Sunday, the first of the year 1857, mass was said in the chapel, and Vincenzo could thus attend on all holy days in comfort and peace. The service was performed by an old priest belonging to Ibella, whom Guisepppe went regularly to fetch in the gig, and drove back after dinner.

Rose's untiring activity had greatly contributed towards the rapid completion of the chapel. She spared neither time nor trouble for that end ; she was the first on the spot in the morning, and the last to quit it in the evening. Every thing was done under her eyes, and by her orders : she fitted it up *con amore* ; we know she had a knack, (and was proud of it) for that sort of thing. Not one of the many items requisite for Divine service—candlesticks, artificial flowers, surplices, chasubles, chalices etc.—but she chose herself, and all of the best and costliest.

Rose, in all respects, was the ruling spirit of the Palace. From the age of fourteen she had had the management of the household ; and now that of the estate, or rather estates, had, little by little, devolved upon her. She kept all the accounts, received the rents, paid the wages, directed the tilling of the land, directed the sales, invested the proceeds, wrote all the letters, did every thing with a clearness of head, a method, a spirit of order, which were quite astonishing in so young a woman. The daily communications which took place between father and daughter on these and such like matters in presence of Vincenzo, afforded him ample opportunities for testing and admiring her singular aptitude for business. And often and often did he repeat to himself what he had said to Onofrio on a certain occasion, "What a blessing this woman would have been to a blockhead, who feared God and still more the curé, who did not care a fig for politics, but a great deal for a good table, and the *dolce non far niente* !"

CHAPTER XLI.

THE BLADE WEARS OUT THE SCABBARD.

IN what way does the mind so affect the body as even to trouble the vital functions? Science can well account, by the decomposition of the blood, or the disorganization of the tissues, for the ravages attending the introduction of a poisonous agent into the animal economy; but Science has little to say when called upon to explain the damages occasioned to the human organism by a mental corrosive. And yet the latter eats its way through the frame as steadily and as surely as any arsenic or strychnine. Witness our poor Vincenzo. The vulture within him, though there was no beak visible, was not the less devouring the very principle of his life. Without being actually ill, without, in fact, any special or precise ailment, he was dying—a little and a little every day. The deprivation of fresh air and exercise, entailed on him by the winter, further helped to undermine his constitution. He had lost his appetite, and with it had disappeared all the scanty portion of flesh he had about him; his strength was so reduced, that walking fifty paces put him out of breath. It seemed as though the vital flame was gradually narrowing previous to going out altogether. Withal he did not suffer; physically, not at all; morally, far less keenly than he had done at the beginning of winter. Vincenzo was becoming apathetic.

It was a day in early March. Here and there feeble indications of the coming spring gladdened the eye. The tops of the tall poplars of the avenue were speckled with green dots; a green cobweb seemed to envelop the lilac-bushes shooting up from the outer side of the terrace; through the mist of the valley peered a bright ray of sun, lustily cheered by the first warblings of birds. Attracted by the genial feeling of the air, Vincenzo had just crawled out of the house after dinner, and was standing, speculating which way he should go, when the sound of some one running

quickly up the flight of stone steps, as if in a hurry, and humming a tune energetically notwithstanding, decided him immediately to turn in the opposite direction from that in which the new comer was approaching. But he had not gone ten paces, when a voice from behind him said:

"Can you tell me whether your mistress is at home?"

Vincenzo turned round and answered that Signora Candia was in the house.

"Then," pursued the stranger, a tall commanding-looking young woman, dressed all in black, "will you be so good as to announce the Marchioness del Palmetto?"

Vincenzo showed the visitor into a parlour on the ground floor, and then went up to his wife's room. The door was ajar; he knocked, and, on being answered from within, said:

"The Marchioness del Palmetto has come to pay you a visit; she is in the parlour down stairs."

"Say that I am coming directly," said Rose.

Vincenzo gave the message, slipped away quietly, and went as far out of reach of any summons as his legs would carry him. This trivial incident had quite upset him; in his morbid mood of shyness, and nervous weakness, nothing disturbed him so much as change. The bare idea of having to meet new faces, of visits to pay and to receive, of the thousand complications which intercourse between the two families could not but bring with it for one whose situation at home was so degraded as his was—the bare idea of all this and much else threw him into a state of much agitation, hardly conceivable to any one in strong health. He comforted himself as best he could with the hope—a very faint one, to be sure—that this might prove a mere passing visit. The fact of the Marchioness having called alone gave some colour to this view. Had the Marquis been at the Castle, surely he would have come himself to introduce his wife—*ergo*, he was not there. Alas! the open windows of the Castle, the moment

Vincenzo, emerging from the young plantations, could get a sight of them, gave quite another impression ; yet it was still possible that the Marchioness had only come to stay for a day or two.

Vincenzo's presentiment of fresh annoyances had a beginning of realization that very evening. He had no sooner taken his seat at supper, than his wife, for the first time addressing him directly since his return, said :

"Where did you bury yourself after dinner, that nobody could find you?"

"I never supposed that I should be wanted," said Vincenzo ; "I was up in the nursery-garden."

"The very last place one would have thought of in this damp weather," said Rose. "The Marchioness del Palmetto inquired for you, and it was very awkward that you could not be found, when I had just told her I had seen you the minute before."

The search for him could not have been a very earnest one, thought Vincenzo ; for, had his name been only once shouted, he must infallibly have heard it, at the short distance he was from the house. Bitter-sweet favours were poured upon him this evening. The Signor Avvocato also condescended to speak to him ; for the first time breaking the silence he had hitherto persevered in, he said :

"You have taken to a system of skulking and sulking, which, to say the least of it, is liable to misinterpretation. So long as we were *en famille*, well and good ; but now that we have near neighbours, who are likely to call often, as the Marchioness was so good as to say they would, I advise you to change your habits."

This was nothing to what the next day had in store for Vincenzo. He was in his own room, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, looking out disconsolately at the rain which was falling fast, when a great commotion down stairs gave him an intimation of fresh danger. The stirring and dragging about of chairs in the apartment below, accompanied by a cross-fire of Ohs ! and Ahs ! unmistakably announced an important

visitor ; and what visitor would call at that hour but Del Palmetto ? Presently the sound of the well-known voice left no doubt as to the person. The Marquis seemed in high spirits, rattling away with such hearty bursts of laughter as proved he was relating something very droll. Vincenzo counted the minutes in painful expectation of a summons down stairs, from which there seemed no chance of escape, unless some happy inspiration should prompt Federico to come to him in his attic, which would be a lesser evil. Or could it be that he was going away without asking for Vincenzo ? That which inclined Vincenzo to think this was a short lull of the voices, followed by a fresh stirring of chairs, then an interchange of some more phrases, probably of leave-taking, and finally by a jingling of spurs on the landing-place. Vincenzo held his breath. The jingling of the spurs ceased, and from the foot of the stairs Federico called out at the top of his voice—

"I say, Signor Avvocato, junior, art thou coming down to greet an old friend ? or must the old friend ascend and force himself on thy notice ?"

Vincenzo had it on the tip of his tongue to say, "Come up ;" but then he reflected that by so saying he might give offence, and also that to avoid a general meeting, sooner or later, would be impossible ; so he said instead, feebly, "I am coming," and, putting on his most decent coat, went down to the Signor Avvocato's sitting-room.

Del Palmetto embraced and hugged Vincenzo with all the demonstrativeness of the most demonstrative Italian.

"There's a lucky dog, and of my making ; isn't he, Signora Candia ?"

Signora Candia smiled an embarrassed smile, and said nothing.

"But for me," went on the Marquis, "and my naughty trick of running away with a certain purse, and all that ensued in consequence, the odds are that this gentleman would be now wearing a cassock and saying mass, instead of whispering pretty things to the prettiest of wives : now, wouldn't he ?" and he laughed merrily at his own sally.

Civility wrung from father and daughter a responsive grim smile.

"As thin as a grasshopper," went on Del Palmetto, taking a survey of Vincenzo, "but hale and healthy."

Vincenzo was red as a brick with annoyance.

"And now for my business," resumed Del Palmetto. "My wife is as impatient as a woman can be, which is saying a good deal, to make honourable amends for her yesterday's awkward mistake."

"Not worth thinking of," interrupted Vincenzo, who as yet had not had an opportunity to say one word; "I dare say I looked as shabby as any man-of-all-work."

"And pray, who is to blame for that but yourself?" asked the Signor Avvocato, tartly. "No one, that I know of, grudges you clothes or anything else."

"Did I say that anybody did?" retorted Vincenzo.

Del Palmetto perceived the expediency of forcing the conversation back into the channel from which it had diverged. "I maintain," said he, "that the mistake was awkward for a first-rate physiognomist, such as my wife has the pretensions to be; in her defence, I must allow that the blunder was only that of a moment. I was telling the Signor Avvocato and Signora Candia, before you came in, that the truth had already flashed upon Teresa's mind, when you brought her word that the Signora would be with her directly, but you gave her no time for a question. However, you are to understand that I am sent here, commissioned to carry you off, dead or alive, to my wife, who will best make her own explanations and apologies. And, as I would rather have you alive than dead, be so good as to put on your hat, and give up for to-day the excellent dinner that awaits you here, for pot-luck at our house."

"Not to-day, thank you, pray excuse me," said Vincenzo, with as much earnestness as if he were pleading for his life.

"I am sorry I cannot excuse you," returned the other with mock gravity; "I am a soldier, and must obey orders;

I must take you to the castle, alive or dead—which shall it be?"

"Indeed, you must let me off . . ."

"I wish I could; but my duty prevents me. All the proper authorities have been duly consulted and have kindly acquiesced. The Signor Avvocato, to oblige my wife, agrees to want your company for a few hours; and so does Signora Candia, who promised, moreover, not to be jealous."

"Pray, Signor Federico," interrupted Rose, "don't make me say anything so ridiculous."

"Is it ridiculous, then," was the quick repartee, "not to be jealous?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Rose, and, turning to her husband, she said, "It is extremely ungracious of you to require so much pressing."

The Signor Avvocato, in his turn, observed with sharpness, "I wish you would be done with all this shilly-shallying; when Signor Federico is so kind and does you the honour to invite you, the least you can do in return is to accept his invitation gratefully."

"Everybody is against you, you see," said Del Palmetto, laughing; "so the sooner you get ready the better."

Vincenzo, without further demur, went up stairs for his hat, and was down again in a minute. Del Palmetto took leave of father and daughter, and withdrew arm-in-arm with his conquest. When they reached the outer door, Vincenzo perceived that it was still raining—a fact which in his bewilderment he had forgotten; and he now inwardly called himself a ninny for not having urged in time that which his wishes made appear to him an unanswerable argument against going out. However, he made an effort at release by saying, "Don't you see that it is raining?"

"Ah, to be sure," said Del Palmetto; "luckily I have an umbrella," taking it out of a corner as he spoke, and thus overruling the objection. He opened the umbrella, put his arm again within Vincenzo's, and then they went down the steps into the avenue.

"Between you and me," began Fed-

erico, "your father-in-law is looking very ill, he is sadly altered. The last time I saw him—when was it?—in 1854 I think—yes, towards the end of '54—you were then in Savoy—he looked like a young man, he did indeed . . ."

"It is raining heavier than ever," observed Vincenzo.

"No; it is the drops from the trees makes you think so. At that time," continued Del Palmetto, pursuing his subject, "he was full of humour, and chatty as possible. That in little more than two years he should have become what he is, a decrepit old man, does surprise me. What is his age—do you know?"

"Whose age?" asked Vincenzo.

"Why, the Signor Avvocato's—art thou dreaming?"

"He is about sixty-four."

"He looks twenty years older than that," said Del Palmetto. "But what a beauty Signora Rose has become. As a matron she surpasses even the bright promise of her girlhood. Lucky dog that thou art! If I were not Teresa's husband I should envy thee."

They were now close to the gate.

"Don't you think," said Vincenzo, suddenly, "that it would be more agreeable to all parties if I were to call and pay my respects to the Marchioness on some finer day than this?"

"Heyday! what's the matter now?" exclaimed Del Palmetto, coming to a standstill, and facing round upon Vincenzo. "Here have I been doing my best to talk and be agreeable, and all the while thou hast been thinking of nothing; but how to give me the slip. If it is really against thy will to come, I don't mean to force thee;" and he let go Vincenzo's arm.

"I beg of you," said Vincenzo, gently, "not to take offence where none is intended."

"Why do you always call me *you*, when I use only the *thou*?" asked Del Palmetto. "I should never have suspected you of bearing me a grudge for such a length of time."

"Why should I bear you a grudge, my dear friend?"

"How can I tell? Perhaps for having, once upon a time, played you stupid, boyish tricks, or sneered at the Statuto, or for having been a fool and a codino."

"Thou art welcome to be a codino, so long as thou art so conscientiously," said Vincenzo, in a conciliatory tone.

"But I am so no longer, I tell you; I am a radical, and a thorough-going Cavourist; I am for the Statuto and all its consequences; I am for the unity of Italy—ask my wife," cried Del Palmetto, in a perfect ferment.

"I am glad to hear it," gasped Vincenzo; "though, I give you my word, the recollection of your former political opinions had nothing whatever to do with my wish to put off going to the Castle. The truth is, that I am not quite well; besides, I have grown shy and misanthropic—there, give me thy arm; we'll go on presently; emotion and walking have taken away my breath." And, unable to go on speaking, he stood panting for breath, trying, in the meanwhile, to reassure his friend by signs. Del Palmetto looked anything but reassured.

"Really, thou art very far from well," said Del Palmetto; "and I am grieved to the heart to have so insisted on thy coming. But how could I guess!—I will go back with thee, and . . ." Vincenzo shook his head. "Well, it shall be as thou likest."

At the end of a few minutes, Vincenzo was better, and able to move on.

"We must go on little by little," he said; "thou must have patience with me, for I am far from strong."

"Suppose we give up the introduction to Teresa for this morning," suggested Del Palmetto, "and to-morrow I will drive over to fetch you."

"No, no," said Vincenzo, who now made it a point always to use the familiar *thou* in speaking to his friend—a mode of address too inconvenient in English for us not to discontinue it. "No, I hold to going, and making up as far as I can for my late unfriendly shuffling; besides, to tell the truth, I am beginning to be extremely anxious to be introduced to the Marchioness

Del Palmetto, who, if she has been your converter, as I guess, must indeed be no ordinary woman."

Del Palmetto's features brightened as he answered, "No, indeed ; I can vouch for her not being one of the common run, and that without fear of your being disappointed. She is a . . ." He sought for a word adequate to his enthusiasm, and, not finding it, wound up with, "Never mind what ; she is a wonderful creature, that's all I can say. You will soon see, and judge for yourself."

Thus discoursing, with every now and then a halt, they reached the Castle ; "his hereditary brick pie," as Del Palmetto called it. Vincenzo, well-nigh spent with the exertion, was ushered into a small room on the ground floor, where Del Palmetto made him ensconce himself in an easy chair by the side of a cheerful fire, and swallow a glass of Malaga. His host then left him alone to rest a while and recover his breath and spirits. By and bye, Del Palmetto returned with the Marchioness, who, hastening to Vincenzo, shook hands cordially with him, saying, "I am delighted to welcome you to our house, Signor Candia ; we mean to try to make ourselves so agreeable that you will be induced to come and see us very often ; I am sorry to hear you are an invalid ; we shall be able to sympathise with one another, for I am not very well, and the doctors have sent me here, with orders to eat and drink, take plenty of fresh air and exercise, and—be idle."

"And, in obedience to the last recommendation," observed her husband, "I believe you were beginning your eighth letter when I went to find you just now."

"That's telling tales out of school. Signor Candia will fancy I want to set up as an opposition Madame de Sevigné—however, that, I assure you, is not the case, Signor Candia ; my correspondence is of a far graver and sadder nature. I am a native of Brescia, and my letters are from old friends or dependents ; and how can I refuse to write a word of kindness or condolence to some poor old father, whose only son has been sent to

prison, or some wretched mother who has hers taken from her to be sent as a soldier to Bohemia ? Ah ! the amount of bodily and mental affliction in this unfortunate country of ours is incredible. But this is not the way to cheer you. I won't touch on these grievous topics again ; and now, will you excuse my leaving you till dinner time ? . . ."

"To go and finish my eighth letter ?" said Del Palmetto, concluding the sentence for her.

"No, indeed, Mr. Faultfinder ; but to go and see that dinner be ready in time and eatable ; for"—here she turned with a pleasant smile to Vincenzo—"for, you must know, we are very far from being in order yet, as to servants or anything else. Besides, you will like to have a quiet *tête-à-tête* with an old friend ; but, if Federico bores you, send him away. There are plenty of newspapers and books about to amuse you."

She was gone, without Vincenzo's having had the opportunity, or indeed the wish, to open his lips. If it were his fancy which had evoked that stately figure, and made it look at him with such gentle eyes, speak to him so kindly and considerately, behave to him as if he were a friend, and not a stranger—if it were all a delusion which one word could dispel—better that such a word remain unsaid. One must have been weaned from the milk of human kindness, and treated like a pariah for months, to understand the kind of bewilderment which a sudden shower of sympathy and cordiality can produce on the recipient. Vincenzo gazed about him as if he were trying to discover whether he was awake or asleep.

"What art thou staring at ?" asked Federico, laying down the newspaper he had just taken up.

"I want to make sure that I am not dreaming," said Vincenzo.

"Ah ! I was right, wasn't I, when I said she was a wonderful woman ?" said Del Palmetto, enraptured.

"Ay, and thou—a wonderful man," returned Vincenzo, gravely.

"Ah ! that is rather *trop fort*," cried Del Palmetto, roaring with laughter.

"A wonderful man to me," repeated Vincenzo gravely ; "so friendly, so affectionate, so brother-like. What have I done to deserve all this from thee?"

"Thou wert in the right, while I was in the wrong, and I am making amends for having wronged Truth in thy person; and then," added the marquis, with a burst of feeling he could not control, "and then—I must tell it, because it really is so—since I have known her, my heart is grown bigger and warmer towards my fellow-creatures. There, now, you have it!" After this outburst, Federico plunged into his newspaper with such determination that nothing was left for Vincenzo but to follow his example, and read, or pretend to read.

In about an hour the Signora Del Palmetto peeped in, saying, "Will it shock Signor Candia too much if I confess that I have come to announce that dinner is on the table?"

"On the contrary, I am charmed," said Candia, rising.

"Just at present," explained the lady, "I am positively the only person available for that office. My maid is laid up with her *migraine*; Luigi is nowhere to be found; and the cook declares she has some mysterious dish on the fire, which she would not lose sight of for a kingdom."

"*À la guerre, comme à la guerre*," said Federico; "Candia, will you give my wife your arm?"

Vincenzo obeyed, and led the marchioness to the dining-room, where the truant Luigi, just fresh from the cellar, was already on duty, napkin in hand.

"All this time," said the hostess, motioning Vincenzo to a seat on her right, "I have not apologized for my yesterday's blunder."

"I do beg you will not mention it," said Vincenzo, colouring.

"I can only say in extenuation," continued the marchioness, "that I was rather nervous. I had taken it into my head that I would introduce myself to your family and give my husband a surprise..."

"I had had to stop at Ibella till the evening," said Del Palmetto.

"Well," resumed the marchioness, "the idea that had tickled my fancy as being original, when I came to put it into execution, seemed only eccentric. So, as I said, I was rather nervous at the moment I met you."

"I'll tell you what, Vincenzo," interrupted Del Palmetto, "Teresa was in truth dying with curiosity to see my first love."

"Why not say at once that I was jealous?" said Teresa.

"Who knows?" replied Del Palmetto, ready to laugh, and with a significant glance to Vincenzo. "Men are such vain coxcombs. I beg your pardon, Signor Candia; I ought to have said soldiers."

The playful turn of this conversation between husband and wife did much to dissipate Vincenzo's shyness; their cordiality to him, and the perfect *sans façon* of an excellent dinner, ended by making him feel quite at his ease. He ate and drank more heartily than was his wont, and talked certainly more within a couple of hours than he had done during the last six months. In answer to Del Palmetto's friendly inquiries, he gave a summary account of what had chanced to him since their last meeting, and, in so doing, naturally touched upon his experiences in Savoy, and spoke of the difficulties there were for the administration in so disaffected a province. The marchioness observed that, "if the Savoyards had come at last to perceive that nature meant them to be French, nobody was entitled to thwart their wish to become such, and the sooner they were given up to France the better. If we are to make good our rights to nationality, if we expect and look to having our claims acknowledged, we must set the example of acknowledging and respecting those of others. I know that Count de Cavour, whatever his personal feelings may be in the matter, as a statesman, thinks as I do with respect to Savoy; and the day is, perhaps, not so distant when he may be called on to turn his theory into practice. When this happens, sooner or later, I cannot help wishing you, Signor

Candia, a pleasanter field for your activity than disaffected Savoy. When I say pleasanter, it is merely politically speaking ; for, in natural beauties and agreeableness of social intercourse, I know few cities that can compete with Chambéry. You still hold the appointment there, do you not ? ”

“ I hold none, either there or anywhere else,” said Vincenzo. “ I have renounced the administrative career.”

“ What a pity ! ” cried the marchioness, “ so young, so talented, and after such a brilliant *débat* too ; I give you fair warning that I for one shall never cease to oppose such a resolution.”

“ Alas ! Madam, I have fought against it myself, and suffered defeat ; there are circumstances too strong even for an iron will. My wife cannot bear to leave her home—suffers, really suffers from home-sickness—in short, is never well anywhere but at the Palace. My father-in-law is getting old and infirm . . . ”

“ That I can answer for,” broke in Del Palmetto ; “ had you seen him only two years ago, Teresa, you would not recognise him now as the same man.”

“ I could not take it upon myself,” resumed Vincenzo, “ to keep a father and his only child asunder ; could I ? nor could I go about the world by myself and leave them alone. There are situations out of which there is no possible issue. All that I am, I owe to this father and daughter.”

“ I understand,” said Signor Del Palmetto, musing.

There was a minute of awkward silence, which Federico hastened to break. “ By the bye, Vincenzo, you must give us the *carte du pays*. What sort of fish is this new Curé, Don Pio ? ”

“ A very rough sort of fish, my dear friend. A man, however, deficient in neither education nor talent ; a fanatic to the very marrow of his bones, professing the most unbounded contempt for the civil power ; a martinet in a cassock, and who lords it over the parish with a strong hand.”

“ But the Signor Avvocato keeps

him in order, I suppose,” said Del Palmetto.

“ The Signor Avvocato is his firmest supporter and friend, and one of his penitents to boot,” was the answer.

“ Is it possible ? ” exclaimed Del Palmetto. “ I remember a time, and that not very long ago, when the Signor Avvocato was the Mirabeau of Rumelli, and the Palace—a stronghold of liberalism.”

“ It is now a *succursale* of the parsonage,” said Vincenzo ; “ old age, bodily infirmity, the death of Don Natale, the influence of Don Pio, have worked the change.”

“ Then we'll make the Castle a centre of opposition ; we'll cut out some work for this Reverend Gessler ; won't we, Teresa ? ”

“ If he dares to speak a word, in the pulpit, against the King and Statuto, I'll take him to task in the church itself ; that I will,” said Teresa, with the look of a woman who could and would do it. “ *A propos*, tell me,” added she, “ how does the Curé manage on the fête day of the Statuto ? ”

“ Just lets it pass as if there existed no Statuto to celebrate.”

“ And his parishioners bear it ; and the town-council keep silence ? ”

“ Yes, indeed—they are all mute—in fact, the council is composed of Don Pio's creatures ; and, as for the people of the village, they also bear the omission with perfect composure ; peasantry are pretty much the same all over the world—they know of and care for no other Statuto than the weather and the crops.”

“ I remember there was a miller, though I forget his name, who had made money, and who played the patriot ; what of him ? ” asked Del Palmetto.

“ Ah ! yes, his patriotism was to be elected Syndic,” replied Vincenzo ; “ he is now Don Pio's right hand.”

“ And that other who kept the Post-office ? ”

“ You mean Peter the chandler, who made a parade of radical opinions that he might be named officer in the

National Guard ; he is Don Pio's *left* hand. No, no ; seek where you will, you will find but one liberal in the parish, and that's old Barnaby ; and his liberalism, honest old soul, consists in wishing every one hanged who does not hold the same creed as he himself does."

"And what of the National Guard?"

"Dead and buried."

It being too wet to allow of strolling in the park after dinner, they all three went to an adjoining drawing-room, where they had coffee, and Del Palmetto his cigar.

"I have given you an account of myself," said Vincenzo ; "but you have told me nothing of your doings since we parted."

"My tale is short," said Federico. "I had been fooling, if not worse, to my heart's content, when my good angel bid me volunteer for the Crimea."

"Bravo !" cried Vincenzo ; "that was like you ; it was nobly done."

"Don't give me more credit than I deserve," said Federico. "I have no claims to any merit but one—obedience ; obedience to the commands of a real angel in human form, and but for whom I should have stayed tranquilly at home."

"Don't believe him, Signor Candia," said the marchioness ; "he was wild to go."

"Very true," returned Del Palmetto ; "but I should not have gone for all that unless my regiment had been ordered out, which it was not, because I had taken it into my wooden head, like many other wisecracks in and out of Parliament, that the war was not for the good of the country."

"A mistake which I was clever enough to get out of your head," said the wife ; "and you went and did your duty gallantly, and came back a captain and a knight of St. Maurice and Lazare."

"And you have forgotten my best reward," wound up Del Palmetto—"and, the accepted husband of the loveliest, dearest . . ."

"Old maid of five-and-twenty," interrupted the marchioness, blushing ; "and

who, among her other perfections, has that of a good sprinkling of grey in her hair."

"A good sprinkling !" repeated Del Palmetto ; "half a dozen silver lines, perhaps—just enough to set off the brilliant black of the rest. I maintain that it is a beauty."

"Well, well, be it so for you ; but I don't think these are the details to interest Signor Candia ; tell him, instead, of the Crimea and the war."

Del Palmetto complied, and gave some spirited sketches of camp life, and of a sortie of the besieged in the dead of night.

From the war in the Crimea to the advantages likely to accrue to Italy from the alliance of Piedmont with the Western Powers, the transition was natural ; and upon this subject Signora del Palmetto expatiated at length, with a vigour of deduction, an abundance of evidence, and an energy of conviction, quite irresistible. Her anticipations for the future were as sanguine as passionate desire could make them ; and that the cause she debated was the great passion of her life, the vibration in her voice, the flush on her cheeks, the sparkle of her eyes, could leave no doubt. The amount of information about men and things which her demonstrations implied was truly wonderful. Not an Italian of note, either at home or abroad, but she knew, personally or by correspondence ; no foreign question, however remote, but she was familiar with, and with its bearing upon the interests she had most at heart. Most of the anticipations, which sounded almost like wild prophecies as she spoke them, are by this time either accomplished facts, or in a fair way of becoming so ; and to recapitulate them here would be worse than lost labour. But, in 1857, these facts were anxious problems, the mere discussion of which quickened men's and women's pulses, and took away their breath. Vincenzo was in a thrill from head to foot.

The marchioness perceived this, and, checking herself, said—

"But these are exciting topics, and

excitement is good neither for you nor for me ; so, if you please, we will have a game of chess, by way of a sedative."

Chess, a little music—the Signora del Palmetto played well on the piano—and some quiet talk, agreeably filled up the rest of the afternoon. At a little past seven, Vincenzo rose to go. Del Palmetto pressed him to stay yet a while, but at last yielded the point, on seeing that Vincenzo was really anxious to be back at the Palace in time for supper. The weather had cleared, the sky was studded with stars ; so Vincenzo would not hear of being driven home ; he assured his friends that he much preferred walking, and, after taking a cordial leave of the Signora, went away arm-in-arm with Del Palmetto.

"My dear Federico," began Vincenzo at once, "you called me a lucky dog this morning ; allow me to return the compliment with interest—to say that you are the luckiest fellow under heaven."

"Ain't I ?" exclaimed Federico, with the most naïve sincerity. "Isn't she a wonderful creature ?"

"She is incomparable ; but what guardian angel placed this phoenix in your way ?"

"My folly. It is as romantic a story as any that was ever written. Yes, it is to my folly that I owe the inestimable discovery of this treasure. So goes it in this strange world of ours. A good father of a family walks out on an errand of charity, and breaks his leg or his neck ; a scatter-brained, harum-scarum fellow sallies forth, bent on mischief, and—stumbles on the Koh-i-nor. But moralizing does not tell my tale. Perhaps you still recollect that brother-officer of mine, with whom I was playing billiards, the day you came to Ibella in search of the purse ; an excellent fellow in the main, but devilish touchy, and sharp-tongued. Well, one day, when we were again playing billiards, we had some dispute about the balls, in the course of which some disagreeable words were exchanged—in short, a challenge ensued. This happened at Turin, in 1854, in the month

of November. On the day following, we accordingly met in a solitary avenue behind the Valentino ; and, after a useless attempt at conciliation, made by our seconds, we crossed swords. We had not been at it a minute when, lo and behold ! a lady, who suddenly seemed to start out of the earth—for we had taken care to be sure that no one was in sight—a tall lady in a black habit, a riding-whip in her hand, an utter stranger to all of us, thrust herself between our swords, and had an uncommon narrow escape of being hurt."

"Gentlemen," she cried, "I beg of you, I command you to desist." It was all she could say, she was so out of breath with running. After a time she recovered, and made us a beautiful speech, I assure you, which I should only spoil if I tried to repeat it. But this was the sense of what she said—That it was our mania for quarrelling with one another which had too long been the custom and the bane of Italians, and that it was high time that such an evil should cease. She bid us remember that our blood did not belong to us, but to our country ; and that that man robbed his country, who, instead of shedding his blood in her defence, wasted it for the gratification of his own private feuds. It was for the enemies of Italy that we ought to reserve our wrath and our blows. It could not be, it should not be, that two fellow-countrymen, two brother-officers, probably two excellent friends only yesterday, should to-day cut each other's throats—and for what ? Some trifle ; she was sure there was nothing but a trifle at the bottom of our quarrel. Her large black eyes were riveted upon me as she said this, and I was obliged to look away in order not to confess that she was quite right. It was of course the duty of our seconds to speak. One of my antagonist's friends came forward, and, bowing to the lady, said that it was impossible to refuse anything to such a charming peace-maker ; and then he bid us return our swords to the scabbards. The lady's face brightened as she saw us do this. "Now then," said she, addressing us, "Now

then, shake hands heartily, to seal the peace." My adversary and I remained as we were, without moving, looking on the ground—for we had both noticed the wink which the second who answered the lady had given us before he spoke—a wink which we understood to signify we must make believe. As if she had divined this, she turned upon him and exclaimed, "What does this mean? You were not in earnest then in what you said—you deceived me. Oh, sir! a gentleman and an officer ought not to trifle with a lady." Her cheeks grew scarlet as she said this; she threw back her head with the gesture of a queen. "Excuse me, madam," said the officer; "I intended no offence, I assure you. I own I made an attempt to evade your request, which appeared inadmissible under the circumstances. I will now try to atone to the best of my ability by striving to meet your wishes." He beckoned the other seconds aside, and, after a moment's consultation with them, came back and said that they were unanimously of opinion that we had done all that was requisite for our honour, and that we were to shake hands. This we immediately did with right good will. "Thank you, gentlemen," said the lady; "and, if at any time Teresa Ombelli can be of use to any of you, you will not remind her of this day in vain." Saying this, she bowed and hurried away to the end of the avenue, where a groom on horseback was holding her horse.

"The rest," said Del Palmetto, "may be told in a few words. Teresa Ombelli from that moment became a fixture in heart and head. I sought her everywhere, and at last met her in one of our aristocratic salons, and was allowed to visit at her father's house. Her political opinions and those of her surroundings were too widely at variance with those I had imbibed from my father not to shock me a little at first; but, in a few months, love aiding and abetting, I was in a fair way of being converted. Teresa had told me frankly, on the occasion of my proposing to her, that she would never marry a man holding a political creed different from her own: and this knowledge perhaps hastened my conversion. It was, notwithstanding, not yet complete at the time of the expedition to the Crimea, as my repugnance to join it as a volunteer showed. This repugnance, however, she somehow overcame. My obedience, together with a rather narrow escape I had at the Tchernai, of which I told her in a letter, made her relent so far as to overlook my deficiencies, and consent to our union as soon as I should return. Thus it was that the beginning of 1856 saw me the happiest and proudest of husbands and men."

By this time the two friends had reached the door of the Palace. They shook hands warmly, and bid each other good night.

To be continued.

ILIAS (AMERICANA) IN NUCE.

PETER of the North (to PAUL of the South). "Paul, you unaccountable scoundrel, I find you hire your servants for life, not by the month or year as I do! You are going straight to Hell, you ——!"

PAUL. "Good words, Peter! The risk is my own; I am willing to take the risk. Hire you your servants by the month or the day, and get straight to Heaven; leave me to my own method."

PETER. "No, I won't. I will beat your brains out first!" (*And is trying dreadfully ever since, but cannot yet manage it.*)

MAY, 1863.

T. C.

THE STORY OF SCHILLER'S REMAINS.

BY ANDREW HAMILTON.

OWING to his long illness and that of his wife, Schiller's finances were brought to the lowest ebb. Unable for mental toil, but depending on that toil for daily bread, the source of supplies was stopped for him, while expenditure had increased. At the time of his death he left his widow and children almost penniless.

Penniless, and for the moment, at least—even in the Muses' favoured city of Weimar—almost friendless too. The duke and duchess were absent; Goethe lay ill; even Schiller's brother-in-law Wolzogen was away from home. Frau von Wolzogen was with her sister, but seems to have been equally ill-fitted to bear a share of the load that had fallen so heavily on the shoulders of the two poor women. Heinrich Voss was the only friend admitted to the sick-room; and, when all was over, it was he who went to the joiner's, and—knowing the need of economy—ordered "a plain deal coffin." It cost ten shillings of our money.

The house in which Schiller spent his last years—its lowly roof is familiar to many who have stopped at Weimar—was, at that time, a sort of appendage to a larger house with which it was connected by a garden "no bigger than a tea-tray." But the poet was much in the garden: and, whenever any of the inmates of the adjoining house passed that way, he was sure to say some kind words to them over the railing. One of the daughters was at the time engaged to be married. Her betrothed, Carl Leberecht Schwabe, had, in his student days in Jena, been one of an enthusiastic band of Schiller's admirers, who used on summer afternoons to march over in parties of ten or a dozen to witness the performance of a new tragedy in the Weimar theatre—marching back to Jena overnight. Having finished his studies and returned to his native

town, where he got an appointment to some clerkship, Schwabe found in the house, or rather in the back-court, of his future parents-in-law, favourable opportunities of making the poet's personal acquaintance. Schiller's manner was always dignified and reserved, but abundantly mild; and he was above all things capable of tracing his mark deep in the affections of those who crossed his path in daily life.

In the early summer of 1805, Schwabe left Weimar on business. Returning on Saturday the 11th of May, between three and four in the afternoon, his first errand, before he had seen or spoken to any one, was to visit his betrothed. She met him in the passage, not looking quite so cheerful as he expected. The reason was soon told. Schiller was dead. For two days already he had lain a corpse: and that night he was to be buried.

On putting further questions, Schwabe stood aghast at what he learned. There was to be no public funeral; there was scarcely even to be a decent private one. The circumstances of the Schiller family were such that every arrangement, connected with the interment, had been planned at the least possible cost. No friend seemed to have thought of interfering. The funeral was to take place immediately after midnight and in the utmost stillness; there was to be no display, no religious rite, and no convoy of friends. Bearers had been hired to carry the remains to the churchyard, and no one else was to attend.

At that time, in Weimar, the tradesmen's guilds possessed, in rotation, the singular privilege of conducting funerals, receiving for their services payment that varied with the rank of the deceased. When Schiller died, it happened to be the turn of the guild of tailors; and the tailors accordingly were to carry him to his grave.

The young clerk's blood boiled at what he was told; regret, veneration, and anger were hard at work in him. He felt that all this could not go on; but to prevent it was difficult. There were but eight hours left; and the arrangements, such as they were, had already all been made.

However, he went straight to the house of death and requested an interview with Frau von Schiller. She, very naturally, declined to see him. He then sent up his name a second time, begging urgently that he might be permitted to speak with her, and adding that he had come about the funeral of her husband. To which Frau von Schiller, through the servant, replied, "That she was too greatly overwhelmed by her loss to be able to see or speak to any one; as for the funeral of her blessed husband, Mr. Schwabe must apply to the Reverend Oberconsistorialrath Günther, who had kindly undertaken to see done what was necessary; whatever the Herr Oberconsistorialrath should direct to be done, she would approve of." With this message Schwabe hastened to Günther, and told him he had but half an hour before arrived in Weimar and heard of the terrible loss they had all sustained; his blood had boiled at the thought that Schiller should be borne to his grave by hirelings; he was sure that throughout Germany the hearts of all who had revered their national poet would beat indignant at the news; he was equally sure that in Weimar itself there was not one of those who had known and loved the departed who would not willingly render him the last office of affection; finally, he had been directed to his Hochwürden by Frau von Schiller herself. At first Günther shook his head and said, "It was too late; everything was arranged; the bearers were already ordered." Schwabe's manner was doubtless hurried and excited, not fitted to inspire confidence; but one refusal did not daunt him. He offered to become responsible for the payment of the bearers, recapitulating his arguments with greater urgency. At length

the Herr Oberconsistorialrath inquired who the gentlemen were that had agreed to bear the coffin. Schwabe was obliged to acknowledge that he could not at that moment mention a single name; but he was ready to guarantee his Hochwürden that in an hour or two he should bring him the list. On this his Hochwürden consented to countermand the tailors.

There was now some hard work to be done, and Schwabe rushed from house to house, obtaining a ready assent from all whom he found at home. But some were out; on which he sent round a circular, begging those who would come to place a mark against their names. He requested them to meet at his lodgings "at half-past twelve o'clock that night; a light would be placed in the window to guide those who were not acquainted with the house; they would be kind enough to be dressed in black, but mourning-hats, crapes, and mantles he had already provided." Late in the evening he placed the list in Günther's hands. Several appeared to whom he had not applied; in all upwards of twenty.

Between midnight and one in the morning, the little band proceeded to Schiller's house. In the utter silence of the hour, deep sobs were heard from a room adjoining that in which the dead body was laid. For the two poor women who mourned there, the days were far enough gone by when they used to sit in Rudolstadt and fancy themselves enchanted princesses waiting for the knight who was to come and set them free, till one winter forenoon two horsemen in mantles were actually seen riding up the street—their future husbands!

The coffin was carried down stairs and placed on the shoulders of the friends in waiting. No one else was to be seen before the house or in the streets. It was a moonlight night in May, but clouds were up. Unbroken silence and stillness lay all around. Occasionally pausing to change bearers or to rest, the procession moved through the sleeping city to the churchyard of St. James. Having arrived there they placed their burden on the ground at the door of the so-called *Kasengewölbe*,

where the gravedigger and his assistants took it up.

The Kassengewölbe was a public vault belonging to the province of Weimar, in which it was usual to inter persons of the higher classes, who possessed no burying-ground of their own, the fee demanded each time being a *louis d'or*. As Schiller had died without securing a resting-place for himself and his family, there could have been no more natural arrangement than to carry his remains to this vault. It was a grim old building, standing against the wall of the churchyard, with a steep narrow roof, and no opening of any kind but the doorway which was filled up with a grating. The interior was a gloomy space of about fourteen feet either way. In the centre was a trap-door which gave access to a hollow space beneath.

As the gravediggers raised the coffin, the clouds suddenly parted, and the moon shed her light on what was earthly of Schiller. They carried him in—they opened the trap-door—and let him down by ropes into the darkness. Then they closed the vault and the outer grating. Nothing was spoken or sung. The mourners were dispersing, when their attention was attracted by a tall figure in a mantle, at some distance in the graveyard, sobbing loudly. No one knew who he was; and for many years it remained curiously wrapped in mystery, giving rise to strange conjectures. But eventually it turned out to have been Schiller's brother-in-law, Wolzogen, who, having hurried home on hearing of the death, had arrived after the procession was already on its way to the churchyard.

Thus—we cannot say “rested”—but thus were at least put out of sight for many years the remains of Schiller. The dust of strangers had gone before him to the vault, and the dust of strangers followed him. The custom was to let down a coffin till it found bottom on something, and then to leave it; occasionally a little packing was done in the way of pushing the older inmates into the corners. When travellers came to Weimar and asked to see

Schiller's grave, they were taken to the Jakobskirchhof and shown the grim Kassengewölbe. Louis, afterwards King of Bavaria, was there in 1814; he wanted to see the coffin, and was told it could no longer be distinguished from the rest.

Even at the time, these strangely “maimed rites” made much noise in Germany. The newspapers raised a shriek, and much indignation was poured out on Weimar. And it is difficult altogether to acquit the town. Yet we cannot accuse it of indifference, for it is known that Schiller was personally more beloved than any of his contemporaries, and that, during the days which followed his death, each man spoke softly to his neighbour. Surely in higher quarters the zeal and energy were lacking which, at the last moment, prompted a young man of no great standing to take on his own shoulders the burden of redeeming his country from a great reproach. It has been said that respect for the wishes of the widow, who desired that “everything might be done as quietly as possible,” restrained action. Alas! Frau von Schiller's desires on this head were dictated, as far as she was concerned, by stern necessity. The truth seems to be that then, as now, Schiller's countrymen lacked a captain—somebody to take the initiative. The constituted leaders of Weimar society were out of the way, and in their absence the worthy citizens were as helpless as sheep without either shepherd or *collie*. The court was away from home; and Goethe lay so ill that for some days no one ventured to mention Schiller's name in his hearing. It is believed that his friend lay already underground before Goethe knew that he was dead.

The theatre was closed till after the funeral; and this was the only sign of public sorrow. On the Sunday afternoon, at three o'clock, was held, in presence of a crowded congregation, the usual burial-service in church. A part of Mozart's Requiem was performed, and an oration was delivered by Superintendent Vogt.

Twenty-one years elapsed, and much had changed in Weimar. Amongst other things our young friend Carl Schwabe had, in the year 1820, risen to be Bürgermeister, and was now a Paterfamilias and a man of much consideration in his native city. A leal-hearted Herr Bürgermeister, who, in the midst of many weighty civic affairs, could take a look backwards now and then to the springtime of his own life and the summer of German song, when all within himself and in the Fatherland had seemed so full of wonder and promise. Did he and his wife sometimes talk of the days of their wooing under the poet's eye, in the little garden? How much he had buried that night when he helped to carry Schiller to the tomb!

In the year 1826, Carl Schwabe being Mayor of Weimar, we must take another look at the Kassengewölbe. It seems that the bodies of those whose surviving friends paid a *louis d'or* for the privilege of committing them to the protection of that weather-beaten structure were by no means buried in hope of a blessed resurrection. It was the custom of the *Landschaftscollegium*, or provincial board under whose jurisdiction this institution was placed, to *clear out* the Kassengewölbe from time to time—whenever it was found to be inconveniently crowded—and by this means to make way for other deceased persons and other *louis d'or*. On such occasions—when the *Landschaftscollegium* gave the order “aufzuräumen,” it was the usage to dig a hole in a corner of the churchyard—then to bring up *en masse* the contents of the Kassengewölbe—coffins, whether entire or in fragments, bones, skulls, and tattered graveclothes—and finally to shovel the whole heap into the aforesaid pit. Overhauls of this sort did not take place at stated intervals, but when it chanced to be convenient; and they were hardly fair towards the latest occupants, who certainly did not get the value of their money.

In March, 1826, Schwabe was dismayed at hearing that the *Landschaftscollegium* had decreed a speedy “clear-

ing out” of the Gewölbe. His old prompt way of acting had not left him; he went at once to his friend Weyland, the president of the said Collegium. “Friend Weyland,” he said, “let not the dust of Schiller be tossed up in the face of heaven and flung into that hideous hole! Let me at least have a permit to search the vault; if we find Schiller's coffin, it shall be reinterred in a fitting manner in the New Cemetery.” The president made no difficulty. In 1826 all men would have been glad to undo the ignominy of 1805, and a Herr Bürgermeister was a different sort of person to deal with from the young clerk whom his Hochwürden the Oberconsistorialrath Günther could bully at leisure. Weyland made out a formal order to admit the Mayor of Weimar, and any gentlemen he might bring with him, to inspect the Kassengewölbe.

Schwabe invited several persons who had known the poet, and amongst others the man Rudolph who had been Schiller's servant at the time of his death. On March 13th, at four o'clock in the afternoon, the party met at the churchyard, the sexton and his assistants having received orders to be present with keys, ladders, &c. The vault was formally opened; but, before any one entered it, Rudolph and another stated that the coffin of the deceased Hofrath von Schiller must be one of the longest in the place. After this the secretary of the *Landschaftscollegium* was requested to read aloud, from the records of the said board, the names of such persons as had been interred shortly before and after the year 1805. It was done: on which the gravedigger, Herr Bielke, remarked that the coffins no longer stood in the order in which they had originally been placed, but had been much moved at recent burials. The ladder was then adjusted, and Schwabe, Coudray the architect, and the gravedigger, were the first to descend. Some others were asked to draw near, that they might assist in recognising the coffin.

The first glance brought their hopes very low. The tenants of the vault

were found "all over, under, and alongside of each other." One coffin of unusual length having been descried underneath the rest, an attempt was made to reach it by lifting out of the way those that were above; but the processes of the tomb were found to have made greater advances than met the eye. Hardly anything would bear removal, but fell to pieces at the first touch. Search was made for plates with inscriptions, but even the metal plates crumbled away on being fingered, and their inscriptions were utterly effaced. Damp had reigned absolute in the Kassengewölbe. Two plates only were found with legible characters, and these were foreign to the purpose.

The utter and unexpected chaos seems to have disconcerted the most sanguine. There was no apparent chance of success; and, when Coudray proposed that they should close proceedings for that day, and defer a more searching investigation till another time, he met with a ready assent. Probably every one but the mayor looked on the matter as hopeless. They reascended the ladder and shut up the vault.

Meanwhile the strange proceedings in the Kassengewölbe began to be noised abroad. The churchyard was a thoroughfare, and many passengers had observed that something odd was going on. There were persons living in Weimar whose near relatives lay in the Gewölbe; and, though neither they nor the public at large had any objection to offer to the general "clearing out," they did raise very strong objections to this mode of anticipating it. So many pungent things began to be said about violating the tomb, disturbing the repose of the departed, &c., that the Bürgermeister perceived the necessity of going more warily to work in future. He resolved to time his next visit at an hour when few persons would be likely to cross the churchyard at that season. Accordingly, two days later, he returned to the Kassengewölbe at seven in the morning, accompanied only by Coudray and the churchyard officials.

Their first task was to raise out of the vault altogether six coffins, which it was found would bear removal. By various tokens it was proved that none of these could be that which they sought. There were several others which could not be removed, but which held together so long as they were left standing; all the rest were in the direst confusion. Two hours and a half were spent in subjecting the ghastly heap to a thorough but fruitless search; not a trace of any kind rewarded their trouble. No conclusion but one could stare Schwabe and Coudray in the face—their quest was in vain; the remains of Schiller must be left to oblivion. Again the Gewölbe was closed, and those who had disturbed its quiet returned disappointed to their homes. Yet, that very afternoon, Schwabe went back once more in company with the joiner, who twenty years before had made the coffin; there was a chance that he might recognise one of those which they had not ventured to lift. But this glimmer of hope faded like all the rest. The man remembered very well what sort of chest he had made for the Hofrath von Schiller, and he certainly saw nothing like it here. It had been of the plainest sort—he believed without even a plate; and in such damp as this it could have lasted but a few years.

The fame of this second expedition got abroad like that of the first, and the comments of the public were louder than before. Invectives of no measured sort fell on the Mayor in torrents. Not only did society in general take offence, but a variety of persons in authority, particularly ecclesiastical dignitaries, used great freedom in criticism, and began to talk of interfering. There was, besides the Landschaftscollegium, a variety of high-learned-wise-and-reverend boards and commissions—an Oberconsistorium, an Oberbaudirection, and a grossherzogliche Kirchen- und-Gotteskastencommission, with a whole battalion of commissioners, directors, and councillors—all united in one fellowship of red-tape, and all, in dif-

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ferent degrees, in possession of certain rights of visitation and inspection in regard of churchyards, which rights they were doubtless capable, when much provoked, of putting in force. Schwabe in commencing had asked nobody's permission but Weyland's, well knowing that the mere question would have involved a delay of months, while a favourable answer would have been very doubtful. But, by acting as a private individual, while making use of his position of Bürgermeister to carry out his schemes, he had wounded every official feeling in Weimar. On an after occasion the chief Church authority found an opportunity to rebuke the chief civic authority in a somewhat pungent fashion. In fact, Schwabe could hardly have ventured on such irregularities, had he not been assured of support, in case of need, in the highest quarters.

He was now much disappointed. He had to acknowledge that hope was at an end. Yet he could not and would not submit even to what was inevitable. The idea of the "clearing out," now close at hand, haunted and horrified him. That dismal hole in the corner of the churchyard once closed and the turf laid down, the dust of Schiller would be lost for ever. He determined to proceed. His position of Mayor put the means in his power, and this time he was resolved to keep his secret. To find the skull was now his utmost hope, but for that he should make a final struggle. The keys were still in the hands of Bielke the sexton, and the sexton, of course, stood under his control. He sent for him, bound him over to silence, and ordered him to be at the churchyard at midnight on the 19th of March. In like manner he summoned three day-labourers in whom he confided, pledged them to secrecy, and engaged them to be at the same place at the same hour, but singly and without lanterns. Attention should not be attracted if he could help it.

When the night came, he himself, with a trusty servant, proceeded to the entrance of the Kassengewölbe. The

four men were already there. In darkness they all entered, raised the trap-door, adjusted the ladder, and descended to the abode of the dead. Not till then were lanterns lighted; it was just possible that some late wanderer might, even at that hour, cross the churchyard.

Schwabe seated himself on a step of the ladder and directed the workmen. He smoked hard all the time; it made the horrible atmosphere less intolerable. Fragments of broken coffins they piled up in one corner, and bones in another. Skulls as they were found were placed in a heap by themselves. The hideous work went on for three successive nights, from twelve o'clock till about three, at the end of which time twenty-three skulls had been found. These the Bürgermeister caused to be put in a sack and carried home to his house, where he himself took them out and placed them in rows on a table.

It was hardly done ere he exclaimed, "*That must be Schiller's!*" There was one skull that differed enormously from all the rest both in size and shape. It was remarkable, too, in another way: alone of all those on the table it retained an entire set of the finest teeth, and Schiller's teeth had been noted for their beauty. But there were other means of identification at hand. Schwabe possessed the cast of Schiller's head, taken after death, by Klauer, and with this he undertook careful comparison and measurement. The two seemed to him to correspond; and of the twenty-two others, not one would bear juxtaposition with the cast. Unfortunately the lower jaw was wanting, to obtain which a fourth nocturnal expedition had to be undertaken. The skull was carried back to the Gewölbe, and many jaws were tried ere one was found which fitted, and for beauty of teeth corresponded with the upper jaw. When brought home, on the other hand, it refused to fit any other cranium. One tooth alone was wanting, and this tooth, an old servant of Schiller's afterwards declared, had been extracted at Jena in his presence.

Having got thus far, Schwabe invited

three of the chief medical authorities to inspect his discovery. After careful measurements, they declared that amongst the twenty-three skulls there was but one from which the cast could have been taken. He then invited every person in Weimar and its neighbourhood, who had been on terms of intimacy with Schiller, and admitted them to the room one by one. The result was surprising. Without an exception they pointed to the same skull as that which must have been the poet's. The only remaining chance of mistake seemed to be the possibility of other skulls having eluded the search, and being yet in the vault. To put this to rest, Schwabe applied to the *Landschaftscollegium*, in whose records was kept a list of all persons buried in the *Kassengewölbe*. It was ascertained that since the last "clearing out" there had been exactly twenty-three interments.

At this stage the *Bürgermeister* saw himself in a position to inform the Grand Duke and Goethe of his search and its success. From both he received grateful acknowledgments. Goethe unhesitatingly recognised the head, and laid stress on the peculiar beauty and flatness of the teeth. The *Oberconsistorium* thought proper to protest, and, as one good effect of what had happened, to direct that the *Kassengewölbe* should in future be kept in better order.

The new cemetery lay on a gentle rising-ground on the south side of the town. Schwabe's favourite plan was to deposit what he had found—all that he now ever dreamed of finding—of his beloved poet on the highest point of the slope, and to mark the spot by a simple monument conspicuous far and near; so that travellers, at their first approach, might know where Schiller lay. One forenoon in early spring he led Frau von Wolzogen and the Chancellor, Herr von Müller, to the spot, and found them satisfied with his plan. The remaining members of Schiller's family—all of

whom had left Weimar—signified their assent. They "did not desire," as one of themselves expressed it, "to strive against Nature's appointment that 'man's earthly remains should be reunited with herself';" they would prefer that their father's dust should rest in the ground than anywhere else.

But the Grand Duke and Goethe decided otherwise. Dannecker's colossal bust of Schiller had recently been acquired for the Grand Ducal library, where it had been placed on a lofty pedestal opposite the bust of Goethe; and in this pedestal, which was hollow, it was resolved to deposit the skull. The consent of the family having been obtained, the solemn deposition was delayed only till the arrival of Ernst von Schiller, who could not reach Weimar before autumn. On September the 17th the ceremony took place. A few persons had been invited, amongst whom, of course, was the *Bürgermeister*. Goethe dreaded the agitation and remained at home, but sent his son to represent him as chief librarian. A cantata having been sung, Ernst von Schiller, in a short speech, thanked all persons present, but especially the *Bürgermeister*, for the love they had shown to the memory of his father. He then formally delivered his father's head into the hands of the younger Goethe, who, reverently receiving it, thanked his friend in Goethe's name, and, having dwelt on the affection that had subsisted between their fathers, vowed and guaranteed that the precious relic should henceforward be guarded with anxious care. Up to this moment the skull had been wrapped in a cloth and sealed; the younger Goethe now made it over to the librarian, Professor Riemer, to be unpacked and placed in its receptacle. All present subscribed their names, on which, the pedestal having been locked, the key was carried home to Goethe. Any one who is curious may read the speeches and proceedings at full length. Chancellor von Müller spoke most to the point. After tarrying so long amid the ceremonies and corruption of the tomb, his quotation of the poet's own

words must have refreshed his hearers like the dew of morning :—

“Nur der Körper eignet jenen Mächten,
Die das dunkle Schicksal flechten ;
Aber frei von jeder Zeitgewalt,
Die Gespielin seliger Naturen
Wandelt oben in des Lichtes Fluren,
Göttlich unter Göttern, die Gestalt.”

None doubted that Schiller's head was now at rest for many years. But it had already occurred to Goethe, who had more osteological knowledge than the excellent Bürgermeister, that, the skull being in their possession, it must be possible to find the skeleton. A very few days after the ceremony in the library, he sent to Jena, begging the Professor of Anatomy, Dr. Schröter, to have the kindness to spend a day or two at Weimar, and to bring with him, if possible, a functionary of the Jena Museum, Färber by name, who had at one time been Schiller's servant. As soon as they arrived, Goethe placed the matter in Schröter's hands. Again the head was raised from its pillow and carried back to the dismal Kassengewölbe, where the bones still lay in a heap. The chief difficulty was to find the first vertebra ; after that all was easy enough. With some exceptions, comparatively trifling, Schröter succeeded in reproducing the skeleton, which then was laid in a new coffin “lined with blue merino,” and would seem (though we are not distinctly told) to have been deposited in the library. Professor Schröter's register of bones recovered and bones missing has been both preserved and printed. The skull was restored to its place in the pedestal. There was another shriek from the public at these repeated violations of the tomb ; and the odd position chosen for Schiller's head, apart from his body, called forth, not without reason, abundant criticism.

Schwabe's idea of a monument in the new cemetery was, after a while, revived by Carl August, but with an important alteration, which was, that on the spot indicated at the head of the rising-ground there should be erected a common sepulchre for Goethe and Schiller,

in which the latter's remains would at once be deposited—the mausoleum to be finally closed when, in the course of nature, Goethe should have been laid there too. The idea was, doubtless, very noble, and found great favour with Goethe himself, who, entering into it, commissioned Coudray, the architect, to sketch the plan of a simple mausoleum, in which the sarcophagi were to be visible from without. There was some delay in clearing the ground—a nursery of young trees had to be removed—so that at Midsummer, 1827, nothing had been done. It is said that the intrigues of certain persons, who made a point of opposing Goethe at all times, prevailed so far with the Grand Duke that he became indifferent about the whole scheme. Meanwhile it was necessary to provide for the remains of Schiller. The public voice was loud in condemning their present location, and in August, 1827, Louis of Bavaria again appeared as a *Deus ex machina* to hasten on the last act. He expressed surprise that the bones of Germany's best-beloved should be kept like rare coins, or other curiosities, in a public museum. In these circumstances, the Grand Duke wrote Goethe a note, proposing for his approval that the skull and skeleton of Schiller should be reunited and “provisionally” deposited in the vault which the Grand Duke had built for himself and his house, “until Schiller's family should otherwise determine.” No better plan seeming feasible, Goethe himself gave orders for the construction of a durable sarcophagus. On November 17th, 1827, in presence of the younger Goethe, Coudray, and Riemer, the head was finally removed from the pedestal, and Professor Schröter reconstructed the entire skeleton in this new and more sumptuous abode, which we are told was seven feet in length, and bore at its upper end the name

SCHILLER

in letters of cast-iron. That same afternoon Goethe went himself to the library and expressed his satisfaction with all that had been done.

At last, on December 16th, 1827, at

half-past five in the morning, a few persons again met at the same place. The Grand Duke had desired—for what reason we know not—to avoid observation; it was Schiller's fate that his remains should be carried hither and thither by stealth and in the night. Some tapers burned round the bier: the recesses of the hall were in darkness. Not a word was spoken, but those present bent for an instant in silent prayer, on which the bearers raised the coffin and carried it away. They walked along through the park: the night was cold and cloudy: some of the party had lanterns. When they reached the avenue that led up to the cemetery, the moon shone out as she had done twenty-two years before. At the vault itself some other friends had assembled, amongst whom was the Mayor. Ere the lid was finally secured, Schwabe placed himself at the head of the coffin and recognised

the skull to be that which he had rescued from the Kassengewölbe. The sarcophagus having then been closed, and a laurel wreath laid on it, formal possession, in name of the Grand Duke, was taken by the Marshal, Freiherr von Spiegel. The key was removed to be kept in possession of his Excellency, the Geheimerath von Goethe, Chief of the Institutions for Art and Science. This key, in an envelop addressed by Goethe, is said to be preserved in the Grand Ducal Library, where, however, we have no recollection of having seen it.

The "provisional" deposition has proved more permanent than any other. Whoever would see the resting-place of Goethe and Schiller must descend into the Grand Ducal vault, where, through a grating, in the twilight beyond, he will catch a glimpse of their sarcophagi. The monument on the summit of the cemetery would have been better.

THE LAND'S END.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

THIS world of wonders, where our lot is cast,
Hath far more ends than one. A man may stand
On the bluff rocks that stretch from Sennen church,
And watch the rude Atlantic hurling in
The mighty billows:—thus his land may end.

Another lies with gasping breath, and sees
The mightier billows of Eternity
Dashing upon the outmost rocks of life;
And his Land's End is near.

And so, one day,
Will the Lord's flock, close on Time's limit, stand
On the last headland of the travelled world,
And watch, like sun-streak on the ocean's waste,
His advent drawing nigh.

Thus shall the Church
Her Land's End reach: and then may you and we,
Dear Cornish friends, once more in company,
Look out upon the glorious realms of hope,
And find the last of Earth,—the first of God.

THE PLANTS ON THE SUMMITS OF THE HIGHLAND MOUNTAINS.

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN.

A THOUGHTFUL man, standing beneath the silent magnificence of the midnight heavens, is more deeply impressed by what is suggested even than by what is revealed. He cannot gaze upon the solitary splendour of Sirius, or the blazing glories of Orion, without a vague muttered wish to know whether these orbs are inhabited, and what are the nature and conditions of existence there. A similar feeling of curiosity seizes us when we behold afar off the summits of a lofty range of mountains, lying along the golden west like the shores of another and a brighter world. Elevated far above the busy common-place haunts of man, rearing their mystic heads into the clouds, they seem to claim affinity with the heavens, and, like the stars, to dwell apart, retiring into a more awful and sacred solitude than exists on the surface of the earth. We see them alternately flashing, like active volcanoes in the rosy flames of sunrise, glorified in the splendour of sunset, purpling in the tenderness of twilight, or silvered in the magic of moonlight; and a yearning desire irresistibly rises up in our hearts to know what strange arrangements of matter, what new forms of life, occur in a region so near to and so favoured of the skies. We long for the wings of the eagle to surmount in a moment all intervening obstacles, and reach the shores of that upper world, that we may feast our eyes upon its unknown productions, and be able to understand in some measure the nameless bliss that thrilled through the heart of Columbus when the continents of the West first unveiled their virgin charms before him. To many individuals, destitute of the requisite strength of limb and soundness of lung to climb the mountain side, or chained hopelessly to the monotonous employments by which the daily bread is earned, this must ever be an unattainable enjoyment, in sight and yet un-

known. Even of the thousands of tourists who, as duly as the autumn comes round, swarm over the familiar Highland routes, very few turn aside to behold this great sight. Only a solitary adventurous pedestrian, smitten with the love of science, now and then cares to diverge from the beaten paths, from the region of coaches and extortionate hotel-keepers, to explore the primeval solitudes of the higher hills. For these and other reasons, then, a brief description of the characteristic vegetation of the mountain summit may prove interesting to a large class of readers. The information we have to lay before them has been acquired at the expense of much breath and labour, but we have ever thought our bargain cheap; and if in this migratory season it be the means of opening up to any one the way to a new field of research, and a new set of sensations, it will, like "the quality of mercy which is not strained," be twice blessed.

Etherealized by the changing splendours of the heavens, as the mountain summit appears when surveyed from below, rising up from the huge mound of rock and earth like a radiant flower above its dark foliage, it affords another illustration of the poetic adage that "t'is distance lends enchantment to the view." When you actually stand upon it you find that the reality is very different from the ideal. The clouds that float over it, "those mountains of another element," which looked from the valley like gorgeous fragments of the sun, now appear in their true character, as masses of dull, cold vapour; and the mountain peak, deprived of the transforming glow of light, has become one of the dreariest and most desolate spots on which the eye can rest. Not a tuft of grass, not a bush of heather is to be seen anywhere. The earth, beaten hard by the frequent footsteps of the storm, is bare and leaf-

less as the world on the first morning of creation. Huge fragments of rocks, the monuments of elemental wars and convulsions, rise up here and there, so rugged and distorted that they seem like nightmares petrified; while the ground is frequently covered with cairns of loose hoary stones, which look like the bones which remained unused after nature had built up the great skeleton of the earth, and which she had cast aside in this solitude to blanch and crumble away unseen. When standing there during a misty storm it requires little effort of imagination to picture yourself a shipwrecked mariner, cast ashore on one of the sublimely barren islands of the Antarctic ocean. You involuntarily listen to hear the moaning of the waves, and watch for the beating of the foaming surge on the rocks around. The dense writhing mists hurrying up from the profound abysses on every side imprison you within "the narrow circle of their ever-shifting walls," and penetrate every fold of your garments, and your skin itself, becoming a constituent of your blood, and chilling the very marrow of your bones. Around you there is nothing visible save the vague, vacant sea of mist, with the vast shadowy form of some neighbouring peak looming through it like the genius of the storm; while your ears are deafened by the howling of the furious wind among the whirling masses of mist, by "the airy tongues that syllable men's names," the roaring of the cataracts, and the other wild sounds of the desert never dumb. And yet, dreary and desolate although the scene usually appears, it has its own periods of beauty, its own days of brightness and cheerfulness. Often in the quiet autumn noon the eye is arrested by the mute appeal of some lovely Alpine flower, sparkling like a lone star in a midnight sky, among the tufted moss and the hoary lichens, and seeming, as it issues from the stony mould, an emanation of the indwelling life, a visible token of the upholding love which pervades the wide universe. If winter and spring in that elevated region be one continued storm, the short summer of a few weeks' duration seems one

enchanting festival of light. The life of earth is then born in "dithyrambic joy," blooms and bears fruit under the glowing sunshine, the balmy breezes, and the rich dews of a few days. Scenes of life, interest, and beauty are crowded together with a seeming rapidity as if there were no time to lose. Flowers the fairest and the most fragile expand their exquisitely pencilled blossoms even amid dissolving wreaths of snow, and produce an impression all the more delightful and exhilarating from the consciousness of their short-lived beauty, and the contrast they exhibit to the desolation that immediately preceded.

The most superficial and unscientific observer must be struck with the peculiar character of the vegetation which makes its appearance during the summer months on the summits of the Highland hills. In many respects it differs widely from the vegetation of the plains and valleys. The flowers which, deck the woods and fields have no representatives in this lofty region. The traveller leaves them one after another behind when he ascends beyond a certain elevation; and, though a very few hardy kinds do succeed in climbing to the very summit, they assume strange forms which puzzle the eye, and become dwarfed and stunted by the severer climate and the ungenial soil. All the way up, from a line of altitude varying, according to the character of the mountain range, between two and three thousand feet, you are in the midst of a new floral world, genera and species as unfamiliar as though you had been suddenly and unconsciously spirited away to a foreign country. There are a few isolated islands scattered over the ocean, whose forms of life are unique. St. Helena and the Galapagos Archipelago are such centres of creation, having nothing in common with the nearest mainland. It is the same with the mountain summits in this country that are higher than three thousand feet. They may be compared to islands in an aerial ocean, having a climate and animal and vegetable productions quite distinct from those of the low grounds. Their plants grow in thick masses, covering

extensive surfaces with a soft carpet of moss-like foliage, and producing a profusion of blossoms, large in proportion to the size of the leaves, and usually of brilliant shades of red, white and blue; or they creep along the ground in thickly-intervoven woody branches, wholly depressed, sending out at intervals a few hard, wrinkled leaves and very small, faintly-coloured and inconspicuous flowers. Their appearance is eminently typical of the stern climate they inhabit. They may be recognised even by their dry and withered remains preserved in the herbarium as the productions of lofty elevations, "of the most excessive climate—of the joint influences of a "scorching sun by day and the keenest "frost by night; of the greatest drought, "followed in a few hours by a saturated "atmosphere; of the balmiest calm, alternating with the whirlwind of the Alps. "For eight months of the year they are "buried under many feet of snow; for "the remaining four they are frequently "snowed on and sunned in the same "hour."

All the Alpine plants found on the summits of the Highland hills are universally admitted by botanists to be of Arctic or Scandinavian origin. Their primitive centres of distribution lie within the Arctic Circle—where they are found in the greatest profusion and luxuriance—constituting the sole flora of very extensive regions. On the Norwegian mountains they flourish at lower elevations than with us; while the plains of Lapland bordering the Polar Sea are covered with them during the brief Arctic summer. Of the fifty-two species of flowering-plants gathered last July by a friend in the dreary regions around Davis' Straits, between latitude 67° and 76° N., no less than thirty are identical with British species, the forms being, however, generally smaller and more stunted than corresponding specimens in this country. From these northern centres they were gradually distributed southwards over the British hills—during the glacial epoch—when the summits of these hills were low islands or chains of islands,

extending to the area of Norway through a glacial sea; and "in the gradual upheaval of those islands, and consequent "change of climate, they became limited "to the summits of the new-formed and "still-existing mountains." This extraordinary floral migration—like the descent in after ages of the rude Norsemen from their own bleak hills to the sunny plains of the south—may be traced distinctly all the way down from the Arctic regions to the higher ranges of the Alps, which formed its southern termination, some, as "though overcome with homesickness," stopping short at each stage of the exodus, and spreading themselves over the Grampian range, the hills of Cumberland, and the higher summits of Wales. The plants growing at the present day on the Scottish mountains are thus not only different from those found in the valleys at their base, but they are also much older. They are the surviving relics of what constituted for many ages the sole flora of Europe, when Europe consisted only of islands scattered at distant intervals over a wide waste of waters bristling with icebergs and icefloes. How suggestive of marvellous reflection is the thought, that these flowers so fragile that the least rude breath of wind might break them, and so delicate that they fade with the first scorching heat of August, have existed in their lonely and isolated stations on the Highland hills from a time so remote that, in comparison with it, the antiquity of recorded times is but as yesterday; have survived all the vast cosmical changes which elevated them, along with the hills upon which they grew, to the clouds—converted the bed of a mighty ocean into a fertile continent, peopled it with new races of plants and animals, and prepared a scene for the habitation of man! Only a few hundred individual plants of each species—in some instances only a few tufts here and there—are to be found on the different mountains; and yet these little colonies, prevented by barriers of climate and soil from spreading themselves beyond their native spots, have gone on, season after season, for

thousands of ages, renewing their foliage and putting forth their blossoms, though beaten by the storms, scorched by the sunshine, and buried under the Alpine snows, scathless and vigorous, while all else was changing around. It is one of the most striking and convincing examples, within the whole range of natural history, of the permanency of species.

We have thus seen that to ascend a lofty Highland hill is equivalent to undertaking a summer voyage to the Arctic regions. The leading phenomena of the Polar world are presented to us on a small scale within the circumscribed area of the mountain summit. The same specific rocks along which Parry and Ross coasted in the unknown seas of the north, here crop above the surface, and yield by their disintegration the same kind of vegetation. The Alpine hare is common to both; and the ptarmigan, which penetrates in large flocks as far as Melville Island, is often seen flying round the grey rocks of the higher Grampians, and exhibiting its singular changes of plumage from a mottled brown in summer to pure white in winter, so rapidly as to be perceptible from day to day. Although none of the Scotch mountains reach the line of perpetual snow, yet large snowy masses, smoothed and hardened by pressure into the consistence of glacier-ice, not unfrequently lie in shady hollows all the year round, and remind one of the frozen hills of Greenland and Spitzbergen. Sweltering with midsummer heat in the low confined valleys, we are here revived and invigorated with the chill breezes of the Pole. We have thus in our own country, and within short and easy reach of our busiest towns, specimens and exact counterparts of those terrible Arctic fastnesses, to explore which every campaign has been made at the cost of endurance beyond belief—often at the sacrifice of the most noble and valuable lives.

The most common and abundant of the plants which grow on the summits of the Highland hills are the different species of saxifrage. They are found in cold bleak situations all over the

world from the Arctic Circle to the equator, and, with the mosses and lichens, form the last efforts of expiring nature which fringe around the limits of eternal snow. A familiar example of the tribe is very frequently cultivated in old-fashioned gardens and rockeries under the name of London Pride. Though little prized on account of its commonness, this plant has a remarkable pedigree. It grows wild on the romantic hills in the south-west of Ireland, from which all the plants that are cultivated in our gardens, and that have escaped from cultivation into woods and waste places, have been originally derived. In that isolated region the London Pride is associated with several kinds of heather, with one curious transparent fern, and four or five kinds of lichens and mosses which are found nowhere else in the British Isles, and are eminently typical of southern latitudes. In fact, the same species are again met with on the mountains in the north of Spain; and the theory which botanists have founded upon this remarkable circumstance is that the south-west of Ireland and the north of Spain were at one period of the earth's history geologically connected, either by a chain of islands or a ridge of hills. Over this continuous land—which we have abundant evidence to prove extended without interruption from the province of Munster beyond the Canary Islands—the gulf-weed, which floats to the west of the Azores, probably indicating the westmost shore of the submerged continent—flourished a rich and peculiar flora of the true Atlantic type. The intermediate links of the floral chain have been lost by the destruction of the land on which it grew; but on opposite shores of the Bay of Biscay, separated by hundreds of miles, the ends of the chain still exist amid the wilds of Killarney, and the lone mountain valleys of Asturia. The London Pride is therefore the oldest plant now growing in the British Isles. The history of the saxifrages which grow on the Highland hills is scarcely less remarkable—only that they are of Arctic instead of Atlantic origin, and

were introduced at a subsequent period into this country. No less than seven different species are found on the Scottish mountains, growing indiscriminately at various altitudes, from the base to the highest summits, on the moist banks of Alpine streams, as well as on bleak exposed rocks where there is hardly a particle of soil to nourish their roots, and over which the wind drives with the force of a hurricane. The rarest of these saxifrages is the *S. cernua*, found nowhere else in Britain than on the extreme top of Ben Lawers, where it seldom flowers, but is kept in existence, propagated from generation to generation, by means of viviparous bulbs, in the form of little red grains produced in the axils of the small upper leaves. It resembles the common meadow saxifrage in the shape of its leaves and flower so closely that, though the viviparous bulbs of the one are produced at the junction of the leaves with the stem, and those of the other at the root, Bentham considers it to be merely a starved Alpine variety. Be this as it may, it preserves its peculiar characters unaltered not only within the very narrow area to which it is confined in Britain, but throughout the whole Arctic Circle, where it has a wide range of distribution. So frequently within the last sixty years have specimens been gathered from the station which, unfortunately, every botanist knows well, that only a few individuals are now to be seen at long intervals, and these exceedingly dwarfed and deformed. On no less than twenty-six different occasions we have examined it there, and been grieved to mark the ravages of ruthless collectors. We fear much that, at no distant date, the most interesting member of the British flora will disappear from the only locality known for it in Europe. After having survived all the storms and vicissitudes of countless ages, historical and geological, to perish at last under the spud of the botanist, were as miserable an antichlimax in its way as the end of the soldier who had gone through all the dangers of the Peninsular War, and

was killed by a cab in the streets of London.

The loveliest of the whole tribe is the purple saxifrage, which, fortunately, is as common as it is beautiful. It grows in the barest and bleakest spots on the mountains of England and Wales, as well as those of the Highlands, creeping in dense straggling tufts of hard wiry foliage over the arid soil, profusely covered with large purple blossoms, presenting an appearance somewhat similar to, but much finer than, the common thyme. It makes itself so conspicuous by its brilliancy that it cannot fail to be noticed by every one who ascends the loftier hills in the appropriate season. It is the *avant courier* of the Alpine plants—the primrose, so to speak, of the mountains—blooming in the blustering days of early April; often opening its rosy blooms in the midst of large masses of snow. And well is it entitled to lead the bright array of Flora's children, which, following the march of the sun, bloom and fade, one after the other, from April to October, and keep the desolate hills continually garlanded with beauty. It is impossible to imagine anything fairer than a combination of the soft curving lines of the pure unsullied snow, with the purple blooms rising from its cold embrace, and shedding over it the rosy reflected light of their own loveliness. We remember being greatly struck with its beauty several years ago in a lonely corrie far up the sides of Ben Cruachan. That was a little verdant oasis hid amid the surrounding barrenness like a violet among its leaves—one of the sweetest spots that ever filled the soul of a weary, careworn man with yearning for a long repose; walled round and sheltered from the winds by a wild chaos of mountain ridges, animated by the gurgling of many a white Alpine rill descending from the cliffs, carpeted with the softest and mossiest turf, richly embroidered with rare mountain flowers, with a very blaze of purple saxifrage. We saw it on a bright, quiet summer afternoon, when the lights and shades of the setting sun brought out each

retiring beauty to the best advantage. It was just such a picture as disposes one to think with wonder of all the petty meannesses and ambitions of conventional life. We feel the insignificance of wealth, and the worthlessness of fame, when brought face to face with the purity and the beauty of nature in such a spot. Could we drink more deeply of its enjoyments if there had been a handle to our name or a large balance on the right side at our banker's? How trifling are the incidents which in such a scene arrest the attention and fix themselves indelibly in the mind, to be recalled long afterwards, perhaps in the crowded city and in the press of business, when the graver matters of every-day life that have intervened are utterly forgotten. High up among the cliffs, round which a line of braided clouds, softer and fairer than snow, clings motionless all day long, rises at intervals the mellow bleat of a lamb, deepening the universal stillness by contrast, and carrying with it wherever it moves the very centre and soul of loneliness. A muir-cock rises suddenly from a grey hillock beside you, showing for a moment his glossy brown plumage and scarlet crest, and then off like the rush of an ascending sky-rocket, with his startling kok, kok, kok sounding fainter and fainter in the distance. Or perhaps a red deer wanders unexpectedly near you, gazes awhile at your motionless figure with large inquiring eyes, and ears erect, and antlers cutting the blue sky like the branches of a tree, until at last, wearied by its stillness, and almost fancying it a vision, you raise your arm and give a shout, when away it flies in a series of swift and graceful bounds through the shadow of a cloud resting upon a neighbouring hill, and transforming it for a moment into the similitude of a pine-forest, over its rocky shoulder, away to some lonely far off mountain-spring, that wells up perhaps where human foot had never trodden.

Speaking of springs, there is no feature in the Alpine scenery more beautiful than the wells and streamlets

which make every hill-side bright with their sunny sparkle and musical with their liquid murmurs; and there are no spots so rich in mountain plants as their banks. Trace them to their source, high up above the common things of the world, and they form a crown of joy to the bare granite rocks, diffusing around them beauty and verdure like stars brightening their own rays. A fringe of deeply-green moss clusters round their edges, not creeping and leaning on the rock, but growing erect in thick tufts of fragile and slender stems; clouds of golden confervæ, like the most delicate floss-silk, float in the open centre of clear water, the ripple of which gives motion and quick play of light and shade to their graceful filaments. The Alpine willow-herb bends its tiny head from the brink, to add its rosy reflection to the exquisite harmony of colouring in the depths; the rock veronica forms an outer fringe of the deepest blue; while the little moss campion enlivens the decomposing rocks in the vicinity with a continuous velvet carpeting of the brightest rose-red and the most brilliant green. The indescribable loveliness of this glowing little flower strikes every one who sees it for the first time on the mountains speechless with admiration. Imagine cushions of tufted moss, with all the delicate grace of its foliage miraculously blossoming into myriads of flowers, rosier than the vermeil hue on beauty's cheek, or the cloudlet that lies nearest the setting sun, crowding upon each other so closely that the whole seems an intense floral blush, and you will have some faint idea of its marvellous beauty. We have nothing to compare with it among low-land flowers. Following the course of the sparkling stream from this enchanted land, it conducts us down the slope of the hill to beds of the mountain avens, decking the dry and stony knolls on either side with its downy procumbent leaves and large white flowers, more adapted, one would suppose, to the shelter of the woods than the bleak exposure of the mountain side. Farther down the declivity, where the stream,

now increased in size, scooped out for itself a deep rocky channel, which it fills from side to side in its hours of flood and fury—hours when it is all too terrible to be approached by mortal footsteps—we find the mountain sorrel hanging its clusters of kidney-shaped leaves and greenish rose-tipped blossoms—a grateful salad—from the beetling brows of the rocks; while, on the drier parts, we observe immense masses of the rose-root stonecrop growing where no other vegetation save the parti-coloured nebulae of lichens could exist. This cactus-like plant is furnished with thick fleshy leaves, with few or no evaporating pores; which enables it to retain the moisture collected by its large, woody, penetrating root, and thus to endure the long-continued droughts of summer, when the stream below is shrunk down to the green gleet of its slippery stones, and the little Naiad weeps her impoverished urn. Following the stream lower down, we come to a more sheltered and fertile region of the mountain, where pool succeeds pool, clear and deep, in which you can see the fishes lying motionless, or darting away like arrows when your foot shakes the bank or your shadow falls upon the water. There is now a wide level margin of grass on either side, as smooth as a shaven lawn; and, meandering through it, little tributary rills trickle into the stream, their marshy channels edged with rare Alpine rushes and carices, and filled with great spongy cushions of red and green mosses, enlivened by the white blossoms of the starry saxifrage. The *S. aizoides* grows everywhere around in large beds richly covered with yellow flowers, dotted with spots of a deeper orange. This lovely species descends to a lower altitude than any of its congeners, and may be called the golden fringe of the richly-embroidered floral mantle with which Nature covers the nakedness of the higher hills. It blooms luxuriantly among a whole host of moorland plants, sufficient to engage the untiring interest of the botanist throughout the long summer day. The curious sundew, a vegetable spider, lies

in wait among the red elevated moss tufts, to catch the little black flies in the deadly embrace of its viscid leaves; the bog asphodel stands near, with its sword-shaped leaves and golden helmet, like a sentinel guarding the spot; the grass of Parnassus covers the moist greensward with the bright sparkling of its autumn snow; while the cotton-grass waves on every side its downy plumes in the faintest breeze. Down from this flowery region the stream flows with augmented volume, bickering over the shingle with a gay popping sound, and leaving creamy wreaths of winking foam between the moss-grown stones that protrude from its bed. It laves the roots of the crimson heather and the palmy leaves of the lady-fern. The sunbeams gleam upon its open face with "messages from the heavens;" the rainbow arches its waterfalls; the panting lamb comes to cool its parched tongue in its limpid waters; the lean blue heron, with head and bill sunk on its breast, stands motionless in its shallows watching for minnows all the long dull afternoon, while the dusky ouzel flits from stone to stone in all the fearless play of its happy life. Hurrying swiftly through the brown heathy wastes that clothe the lower slopes, it lingers a while where the trembling aspen and the twinkling birch and the rugged alder weave their leafy canopy over it, freckling its bustling waves with ever-varying scintillations of light and shade; pauses to water the crofter's meadow and cornfield, and to supply the wants of a cluster of rude moss-grown huts on its banks, which look as if they had grown naturally out of the soil; and then, through a beach of snow-white pebbles, it mingles its fretting waters in the blue, profound peace of the loch. Such is the bright and varied course of the Alpine stream, with its floral fringe, and from its fountain to its fall it is one continuous many-linked chain of beauty—an epic of Nature, full of the richest images and the most suggestive poetry.

Very few of the true Alpine plants grow on the actual summits of the Highland hills; and this circumstance

appears to be due not so much to the cold—for the same plants are most abundant and most luxuriant throughout the whole Polar zone, where the mean annual temperature is far below the freezing point, whereas that of the Highland summits is 3° or 4° above that point—but to their want of shelter from the prevailing storms, and the generally unfavourable geological structure of the spots. The highest point of Ben Nevis, for instance, is so thickly macadamised with large masses of dry red granite, that there is hardly room for the tiniest wild flower to strike root in the soil. It looks like the battle-ground of the Titans, or a gigantic heap of scorise cast out from Vulcan's furnace. The summit of Ben-y-gloe, rising to a height of 3,900 feet in the north-east corner of Perthshire, is also covered with enormous piles of snowy gneiss—like the foundation of a ruined city, in some places ground into powder by the disintegrating effects of the weather, and in others occurring in the shape of large angular blocks thrown loosely above each other, and so sharp and angular that it is one of the most difficult and fatiguing tasks imaginable to scramble over the ridge to the cairn which crowns the highest point. When surveyed from below, the peak has a singularly bald appearance, scarred and riven by numberless landslips, and the dried-up beds of torrents, and scalped by the fury of frequent storms; and a nearer inspection proves it to be as desolate and leafless as the sands of Sahara. On the top of Ben-Mac-Dhui, though very broad and massive, as befits a mountain covering a superficial basis of nearly forty miles in extent, the only flowering plants which occur are, strange to say, those which are found in profusion even at the lowest limits of Alpine vegetation on the English hills. The last time we visited it we observed only seven flowering plants near the cairn on the summit, most of which were sedges and grasses. The mossy campion, however, amply compensated us for the absence of the other Alpines by the abundance and brilliancy of its rosy

flowers. The same remarks apply to nearly all the Highland hills. There are only five plants which—though sometimes descending to lower altitudes, one or two of them even to the level of the sea-shore on the hills fronting the coast in the north-west of Scotland—are invariably found on the summits of all the ranges that are more than 3,000 feet high. These plants are the mossy campion, the Arctic willow, the procumbent sibbaldia, the little dusky-brown gnaphalium, and the curious cherleria or mossy cyphel, which cushions the stoniest spots with its dense tufts, and forms a strange anomaly in the distribution of our mountain flora, being abundant at a height of 8,000 feet on the Swiss Alps, and yet unknown in the Arctic regions, or, indeed, north of the Grampians—indicating probably that there were parallel opposite currents of floral dispersion, or migration, of Alpine plants northwards as well as of Arctic plants southwards. The finest Alpine plants, then, are found not on the extreme summits but in sheltered corries on the mountain-sides, especially moist and shady precipices with a southern exposure. The only exceptions to the rule, we believe, are Ben Lawers and Ben Lomond, both of which are perfect gardens of Alpine plants from their base up to their very tops. The rock of which they are composed is the mica-schist, easily recognised by its bright metallic aspect and the remarkable contortions into which it is twisted and folded up. Wherever this rock prevails, even in the Arctic regions, the scenery is distinguished by its beauty and picturesqueness. It is principally confined to the central districts of Scotland, where it embraces within its course the celebrated Pass of Killiecrankie, the charming environs of the Trossachs and Loch Lomond, the dark defiles of Glencoe, and the wild rugged mountains of that colossal region round Loch Goyle and Loch Awe. In the Breadalbane range it forms the roof of Scotland, the highest uniformly-elevated land in Britain. Easily decomposed by the weather into a rich, deep,

fertile mould, it is marked wherever it rises to a sufficiently lofty elevation by the remarkable beauty and luxuriance of its Alpine vegetation; whereas those ranges that are composed of granite, gneiss, and quartz, which are so hard as to be almost incapable of disintegration, are characterised everywhere by sterility and barrenness—gloomy wastes of spongy heaths, and heaps of rocky *débris*.

The only hills in Scotland that are really worth the trouble of ascending for the sake of their botany are Ben Lawers, Caenlochan, Ben Lomond, Ben More, Ben Voirlach, Ben Cruachan, and a few of the principal summits of the Cairngorm range. On all these mountains the botanist will find a harvest, more or less rich, of good things to repay his toil. We assign the place of honour to Ben Lawers as by far the best botanical field in Britain, specimens of all the Alpine plants found in this country growing on its sides and summit, besides a great number of species peculiar to the place. It has no less than seven flowering plants found only on the Alps and in the Arctic regions; while upwards of thirty species have been discovered from its base to its summit, all of which are either exceedingly rare or entirely local. So vast is the surface which it presents, and so great the number of its rarities, that a month would be fully occupied in exploring it, each day furnishing something new and interesting. The splendid range of which it forms the culminating point possesses the only stations in Britain for those beautiful ferns, the *Cystopteris montana*, which covers the turf bank with its delicate, much-divided fronds, and the *Woodsia hyperborea* which grows in small, compact tufts on the ledges of almost inaccessible precipices. There is one flower found on Ben Lawers which alone is worth all the fatigue of the ascent. The exquisitely lovely Alpine forget-me-not (*Myosotis alpestris*) abounds high up on the western peak, and presents a spectacle which has not a parallel of the kind within these realms, and once seen is

never forgotten. On the verge of yawning gulfs over which the headlong plunge is to eternity—amid “the pomp of mountain summits rushing on the sky,” and chaining the rapt soul in breathless awe—this flower grows, worthy of all the sublimity of the situation, forming masses of bloom blue as the stainless summer sky that rises day after day in infinite altitude over them, and golden as the sunset that night after night lingers as if entranced around—haloing them with its glory when all the world below is wrapt in twilight gloom. The sweet honey fragrance, and the suggestive name of this floral gem of purest ray serene, irresistibly lead the thoughts backwards to the busy haunts of man that were almost forgotten, and to the fond hearts of the social circle that are even then thinking of the distant wanderer.

Caenlochan stands next, perhaps, to Ben Lawers in the number and interest of its Alpine rarities. On the summit of this range, close beside the bridle-path which winds over the heights from Glenisla to Braemar, an immense quantity of the Highland azalea grows among the shrubby tufts of the crowberry; and, when in the full beauty of its crimson bloom, about the beginning of August, it is a sight which many besides the botanist would go far to see. The stupendous cliffs at the head of Caenlochan, formed of friable micaceous schist, and irrigated by innumerable rills, trickling from the melting snow above, are fringed with exceedingly rich tufts of *Saussurea*, *Erigeron alpinus*, *Sibbaldia procumbens*, *Saxifraga nivalis*, and the very rare *Mulgedium alpinum*, and whitened everywhere by myriads of *Dryas* and Alpine *Cerastium*, while the tiny snowy gentian of the Swiss Alps hides its head of blue in the ledges. The scenery of this spot is truly magnificent. Huge mural precipices, between two and three thousand feet in perpendicular height, extend several miles on either side of a glen so oppressively narrow that it is quite possible to throw a stone from one side to the other. Dark clouds, like the shadows of old mountains passed away, con-

tinually float hither and thither in the vacant air, or become entangled in the rocks, increasing the gloom and mysterious awfulness of the gulf, from which the mingled sounds of many torrents, coursing far below, rise up at intervals like the groans of tortured spirits. A forest of dwarfed and stunted larches, planted as a cover for the deer, scrambles up the sides of the precipices for a short distance, their ranks sadly thinned by the numerous landslips and avalanches from the heights above. This region is seldom frequented by tourists, or even by botanists, as it lies far away from the ordinary routes, and requires a special visit. We would earnestly recommend it to our transmigrated chamois, the members of the Alpine Club, as a new field for their exploits. The late Professor Graham, and the present accomplished Professor of Botany in the Edinburgh University, once spent, we believe, a fortnight in the shieling of Caenlochan, a lonely shepherd's hut at the foot of the range, built in the most primitive manner and with the rudest materials. They gathered rich spoils of Alpine plants in their daily wanderings among the hills, and so thoroughly indoctrinated the shepherds and gamekeepers about the place in the nature of their pursuits, that they have all a knowledge of, and a sympathy with, the vasculum and herbarium, rare even in less secluded districts, though the schoolmaster is everywhere abroad. Every one of them knows the "Girntion" (*Gentiana nivalis*) and the "Lechnis amèna" (*Lychnis alpina*) as they call it, as well as they know a grouse or sheep, and is proud at any time, without fee or reward, to conduct "botanisses" to the spots where these rarities are found.

One of the most singular anomalies in the geographical distribution of plants is the occurrence of the sea-pink at elevations varying between three and four thousand feet, in moist shady crevices of rocks. So accustomed are we to associate this plant exclusively with our coast scenery, as one of the "common objects of the sea-shore,"

that we are greatly surprised to meet it in such unlikely spots, on the very summits of the Grampians, more than a hundred miles on every side from the sea; and what adds to the singularity of the circumstance is the fact that it does not occur in any intermediate valleys and plains, being found on the tops of the highest hills, and on the sea-shore, and nowhere else. It cannot be supposed for a moment that human hands, or birds, or winds, could have wafted it from the coast to so lofty and so far inland a situation, for all natural agencies are confessedly inadequate for such a purpose, and there could have been no motive for human action in the case, even though it could have planted it on the few score hills over which it ranges. The only plausible theory which accounts for its presence on the Grampians is that which the late Professor Forbes advanced, in explanation of the origin of our Alpine flora, to which we have already alluded, viz. that these mountain summits were once islands in the midst of a glacial sea, and that this is one of the survivors of the ancient maritime flora which then fringed their shores. Nor does the sea-pink stand alone as a witness of cosmical changes so extraordinary as to seem almost incredible! Its testimony is amply supported by that of the Cochlearia, or scurvy-grass of the Arctic and Scottish sea-shores, which covers the moist rocks at great heights on the central ranges, with its cress-like leaves and small white flowers. Here, high up among the clouds, where the snow-wreath remains unmelted all the summer long, these mute, but still living witnesses, tell us that we are treading the shores of a former sea; that here, where the mossy campion cushions the ground with its rosy blossoms, its waves rippled in sunny music or raved in stormy wrath; and that yonder rocks, where the eagle builds her eyrie, reverberated with the roar of falling glaciers and crashing icebergs. Wonderful revelations from prophets so insignificant!

Strange to say, though neither tree nor shrub is capable of existing on the

mountain summits, we find several representatives there of the lowland forests. The Arctic willow (*Salix herbacea*) occurs on all the ridges, creeping along the mossy ground for a few inches, and covering it with its rigid shoots and small round leaves. It is a curious circumstance, that a regular sequence of diminishing forms of the willow tribe may be traced in an ascending line, from the stately "siller saugh wi' downie buds," that so appropriately fringes the banks of the lowland river, up to the diminutive species that scarcely rises above the ground on the tops of the Highland hills. The dwarf birch, also, not unfrequently occurs in sheltered situations on the Grampians, among fragments of rocks thickly carpeted with the snowy tufts of the reindeer moss. It is a beautiful miniature of its graceful sister, the queen of Scottish woods; the whole tree—roots, trunk, branches, leaves, flowers, and fruit—being easily gummed on a sheet of common note-paper; and yet it stands for all that the Esquimaux and Laplanders know of growing timber. In the Arctic plains, the members of the highest botanical families are entirely superseded by the lowest and least organized plants. Lichens and mosses are there not only more important economically, but have greater influence in affecting the appearance of the scenery than even willows and birches.

We have left ourselves scarcely any space to notice the rich and varied cryptogamic vegetation which clothes the highest summits, and spreads, more like an exudation of the rocks than the produce of the soil, over spots where no flowering plant could possibly exist. This vegetation is permanent, and is not affected by the changes of the seasons; it may therefore be collected at any time, from January to December. It is almost unnecessary to say, that the Alpine mosses and lichens are as peculiar and distinct in their character from those of the valleys as the Alpine flowers themselves. They are all eminently Arctic; and, though they occur very sparingly in scattered patches on the extreme sum-

mits of the Highland hills, they are the common familiar vegetation of the Lapland and Iceland plains, and cover Greenland and Melville Island with the only verdure they possess. Some of them are very lovely, as, for instance, the saffron solorina, which spreads over the bare earth, on the highest and most exposed ridges, its rich rosettes of vivid green above and brilliant orange below; the daisy-flowered cup lichen, with its filagreed yellow stems, and large scarlet knobs; and the geographical lichen, which enamels all the stones and rocks with its bright black and primrose-coloured mosaic. Some are useful in the arts, as the Iceland moss, which occurs on all the hills, from an elevation of 2,000 feet, and becomes more luxuriant the higher we ascend. On some mountains it is so abundant that a supply sufficiently large to diet, medicinally, all the consumptive patients in Scotland could be gathered in a few hours. A few lichens and mosses, such as Hooker's *Verrucaria*, and Haller's *Hypnum*, are interesting to the botanist, on account of their extreme rarity and isolation, almost warranting the inference, either that they are new creations which have not yet had time to secure possession of a wider extent of surface, or aged plants which have lived their appointed cycle, and, yielding to the universal law of death, are about to disappear for ever. Some are interesting on account of their associations, as the *Parmelia Fahlunensis*, which was first observed on the dreary rocks and heaps of ore and *débris* near the copper mines of Fahlun, in Sweden—a district so excessively barren that even lichens in general refuse to vegetate there, yet inexpressibly dear to the great Linnæus, because there he wooed and won the beautiful daughter of the learned physician. Moræus; and the curious tribe of the *Gyrophoras* or *Tripe de Roche* lichens, looking like pieces of charred parchment, so exceedingly abundant on all the rocks, will painfully recal the fearful hardships and sufferings of Sir John Franklin and his party in the Arctic regions. It is a strange circumstance, by the way, that most of

the lichens and mosses of the Highland summits are dark-coloured, as if scorched by the fierce unmitigated glare of the sunlight. This gloomy Plutonian vegetation gives a very singular appearance to the scenery, especially to the top of Ben Nevis, where almost every stone and rock is blackened by large masses of *Andreas Gyrophoras* and *Parmelias*.

The most marked and characteristic of all the cryptogamic plants which affect the mountain summits is the woolly-fringe moss. This plant grows in the utmost profusion, frequently acres in extent, rounding the angular shoulders of the hills with a padding of the softest upholstery-work of nature; for which considerate service the botanist, who has previously toiled up painfully amid endless heaps of loose stones, is exceedingly grateful. Growing in such abundance, far above the line where the higher social plants disappear, it seems a wise provision for the protection of the exposed sides and summits of the hills from the abrading effects of the storm. Snow-wreaths lie cushioned upon these mossy plateaus in midsummer, and soak them through with their everlasting drip, leaving on the surface from which they have retired the moss flattened and blackened as if burnt by fire. With this moss we have rather a curious association, with a description of which it may be worth while to wind up our desultory remarks, as a specimen of what the botanist may have sometimes to encounter in his pursuit of Alpine plants. Some years ago, while botanizing with a friend over the Breadalbane Mountains, we found ourselves, a little before sunset, on the summit of Ben Lawers, so exhausted with our day's work that we were utterly unable to descend the south side to the inn at the foot, and resolved to bivouac on the hill for the night. The sappers and miners of the Ordnance survey, having to reside there for several months, had constructed square open inclosures, like sheepfolds, in the crater-like hollow at the top, to shelter them from the northern blasts. In one of these roofless caravanseries we selected a spot on which to

spread our couch. Fortunately, there was fuel conveniently at hand in the shape of bleached fragments of tent-pins and lumps of good English coal, proving that our military predecessors had supplied themselves in that ungenial spot with a reasonable share of the comforts of Sandhurst and Addiscombe; and our companion volunteered to kindle a fire, while we went in search of materials for an extemporaneous bed. As heather, which forms the usual spring mattress of the belated traveller, does not occur on the summits of the higher hills, we were obliged to do without it—much to our regret; for a heather-bed (we speak from experience) in the full beauty of its purple flowers, newly gathered, and skilfully packed close together, in its growing position, is as fragrant and luxurious a couch as any sybarite could desire. We sought a substitute in the woolly-fringe moss, which we found covering the north-west shoulder of the hill in the utmost profusion. It had this disadvantage, however, that, though its upper surface was very dry and soft, it was beneath, owing to its viviparous mode of growth, a mass of wet decomposing peat. Our object, therefore, was so to arrange the bed that the dry upper layer should be laid uniformly uppermost; but it was frustrated by the enthusiasm excited by one of the most magnificent sunsets we had ever witnessed. It caused us completely to forget our errand, and dwarfed the moss, which had previously engaged all our thoughts, into utter insignificance. The western gleams had entered into our soul, and etherealized us above all creature wants. Never shall we forget that sublime spectacle; it brims with beauty even now our soul. Between us and the west, that glowed with unutterable radiance, rose a perfect chaos of wild, dark mountains, touched here and there into reluctant splendour by the slanting sunbeams. The gloomy defiles were filled with a golden haze, revealing in flashing gleams of light the lonely lakes and streams hidden in their bosom; while, far over to the north, a fierce cataract that rushed down a rocky hill-

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side into a sequestered glen, frozen by the distance into the gentlest of all gentle things, reflected from its snowy waters a perfect tumult of glory. We watched in awe-struck silence the going down of the sun, amid all this pomp, behind the most distant peaks—saw the few fiery clouds that floated over the spot where he disappeared fade into the cold dead colour of autumn leaves, and finally vanish in the mist of even—saw the purple mountains darkening into the Alpine twilight, and twilight glens and streams tremulously glimmering far below, clothed with the strangest lights and shadows by the newly risen summer moon. Then, and not till then did we recover from our trance of enthusiasm to begin in earnest our preparations for the night's rest. We gathered a sufficient quantity of the moss to prevent our ribs suffering from too close contact with the hard ground; but, unfortunately, it was now too dark to distinguish the wet peaty side from the dry, so that the whole was laid down indiscriminately. Over this heap of moss we spread a plaid, and lying down with our feet to the blazing fire, Indian fashion, we covered ourselves with another plaid, and began earnestly to court the approaches of the balmy god. Alas! all our elaborate preparations proved futile; sleep would not be wooed. The heavy dews began to descend, and soon penetrated our upper covering, while the moisture of the peaty moss, squeezed out by the pressure of our bodies, exuded from below; so that between the two we might as well have been in "the pack" at Ben Rhydding. To add to our discomfort, the fire smouldered and soon went out with an angry hiss, incapable of contending with the universal moisture. It was a night in the middle of July, but there were refrigerators in the form of two huge masses of hardened snow on either side of us; so the temperature of our bedchamber, when our warming-pan grew cold, may be easily conceived. For a long while we tried to amuse ourselves with the romance and novelty of our position, sleeping, as we were, in the

highest attic of Her Majesty's dominions, on the very top of the dome of Scotland. We gazed at the large liquid stars, which seemed unusually near and bright; not glimmering on the roof of the sky, but suspended far down in the blue concave, like silver lamps. There were the grand old constellations, Cassiopeia, Auriga, Cepheus, each evoking a world of thought, and "painting, as it were, in everlasting colours on the heavens, the religion and intellectual life of Greece." Our astronomical musings, and the monotonous murmurings of the mountain-streams, at last lulled our senses into a kind of dose, for sleep it could not be called. How long we lay in this unconscious state we knew not, but we were suddenly startled out of it by the loud whirr and clucking cry of a ptarmigan close at hand, aroused perhaps by a nightmare caused by its last meal of crude whortleberries. All further thoughts of sleep were now out of the question; so, painfully raising ourselves from our recumbent posture, with a cold grueing shiver, rheumatism racking in every joint, we set about rekindling the fire, and preparing our breakfast. In attempting to converse, we found, to our dismay, that our voices were gone. We managed, however, by the help of signs and a few hoarse croaks, to do all the talking required in our culinary conjurings; and, after thawing ourselves at the fire, and imbibing a quantity of hot coffee, boiled, it may be remarked, in a tin vasculum, we felt ourselves in a condition to descend the hill. A dense fog blotted out the whole of creation from our view, except the narrow spot on which we stood; and, just as we were about to set out, we were astonished to hear, far off through the mist, human voices shouting. While we were trying to account for this startling mystery in such an unlikely spot and hour, we were still more bewildered by suddenly seeing, on the brink of the steep rocks above us, a vague, dark shape, magnified by the fog into portentous dimensions. Here, at last, we thought, is the far-famed spectre of the Brocken, come on a visit

to the Scottish mountains. Another, and yet another appeared, with, if possible, more savage mien and gigantic proportions. We knew not what to make of it; fortunately, our courage was saved at the critical moment by the phantoms vanishing round the rocks, to appear before us in a few minutes real

botanical flesh and blood, clothed, as usual, with an utter disregard of the æsthetics of dress. The enthusiasm of our new friends for Alpine plants, had caused them to anticipate the sun, for it was yet only three o'clock in the morning.

THE GRAND PRIZE OF PARIS.

BY EDWARD DICEY.

AMONGST many questions which have perplexed me for years, and whose solution I have abandoned all hopes of arriving at, one is, whether any human being ever really cared to see a race. I plead guilty to a fondness for races, or rather for their concomitants. I like the day out in the open air, the bright gay scene, the crowd and the bustle. I have no objection to the luncheon or the champagne. In fact, I look upon a race as a sort of model picnic, free from the great defect of all other picnics, in that it has, in French phrase, some "*raison d'être*," and a definite object in view. Moreover, I admit to the fullest amount the excitement of a race to people who have money on the event. No truth-telling man, and certainly no truth-telling Englishman, would ever dispute the attraction possessed by games of hazard played for money. School-teachers always tell you that there is an especial charm in money that you earn yourself by honest labour. My mind, I fear, is so ill-regulated that I could never appreciate the charm. Personally, I own that, whenever I have received money for work done, my impression has been a dissatisfied one—a doubt whether the game was worth the candle, whether the reward was adequate to the labour. And this feeling is perfectly independent of the rate of remuneration. If, by any happy chance, an insane delusion were to fall upon publishers, and induce them to pay me pounds instead of shillings, my feeling

would be the same. After all, work is weary, and no subsequent gratification can ever destroy the recollection of past weariness. But money which is won by gambling has no savour of labour about it. It arrives so unexpectedly and so easily, and seems, as I have heard a German lady say about a prize she won in the lottery, "to come direct from heaven." I am not speaking of private play; there, I think, the pleasure of any winner, unless he is altogether hardened, must be marred somewhat by the unpleasantness of receiving money from a friend. But when you bet with professional gamblers the feeling is altogether different. If you win, you have the satisfaction of having robbed the Philistines, and of having taken money from people who looked upon you as a dupe, and intended to take yours. Personally, my experiences as a winner have been so extremely small and exceptional, that the act of winning has the charm of novelty for me. It is possible that men may grow weary of this as of all other pleasures, but, as far as I have seen, it lasts longer than most. This much I am certain of, that the reason men go to races is for the excitement of betting. If it were not for this, Epsom Downs on the Derby Day would be as solitary as Salisbury Plain.

For this I assert positively, that a race in itself is not the attraction. It is all very well for people to talk about the beauty of the horses and the thrilling interest of the contest, but, as a matter

of fact, such talk is only fit to fill up the pages of a sporting novel. On any ordinary race-course what is it, I ask candidly, that you see? One horse is very like another to the eyes of ninety-nine people out of a hundred. For a couple of minutes you can see, at a great distance, a group of horses running at a very rapid rate. If your whole fortune is staked upon the event, you cannot tell, for the life of you, whether the horse you have backed is winning or losing, and you have to wait till the number goes up on the post to say which has come in first. The finer the race, the quicker the speed, the closer the contest, the less you know about it. Of course there are a certain number of people on every race-course who do know one horse from another, and, by intense watching, see a little of the race; but to the vast bulk of the spectators the excitement would be just as great if the horses never ran at all, and if the place of the numbers on the post was decided by drawing beans from a bag. If any gentleman doubts my assertion, let him go down to the next races, without having a shilling of interest, directly or indirectly, in the result, and without knowing the name of a single horse, and see if he finds watching a race an exciting occupation, or whether he cares a straw who wins or loses. Watching a roulette-table is, to my mind, infinitely more amusing for a non-gambler. You see the stakes on the table, and you can identify yourself with the luck of any individual player. An American trotting match is also preferable, from the fact that, the question being one of time, you can tell by your watch whether the famous "Running Rein" is gaining ground or not. So in a steeplechase there is some satisfaction in seeing the fences taken, not to speak of the chance that one of the riders may break his neck—an eventuality which always provides a looker-on with a not altogether unpleasing excitement. But a flat race in itself always appears to be the most insipid of amusements. As in the case of *tableaux vivants* at an evening party, the spectator has to wait so long to see so little.

These being my sentiments, the reader may perhaps wonder why I should have taken the trouble of going to Paris and back for the purpose of seeing a race. My answer is, that, in the first place, I wanted a holiday; in the second, I am very fond of Paris; and in the third, I have a great fancy for race-courses, though I care nothing for the race. Moreover, I was curious to see how far the Emperor had been successful in introducing the spirit of racing into France. In the last days of May the "Grand Prix de Paris," the great international prize of one hundred thousand francs, was to be run for, on the race-course of the Bois de Boulogne. The contest was open for horses of all nations; the prize was large for any country, and for France enormous; and the fact that the race was to be run under the especial personal patronage of the Emperor, gave it an additional importance. In the sporting world the event was looked forward to—so at least I read in turf journals—with the keenest interest. Anybody who wishes to have a professional account of how and why the race was lost and won, must not look for it here. The odds and weights and ages and names of the different horses who contended for the prize, are they not written in the racing register? All that I profess to do is to tell something of what I noted on my way to the races and back again.

Everything in this world has its good side, and there is this compensation for the fact of being a somewhat used-up traveller, that you feel the force of contrast more decidedly than ordinary wayfarers. The object of this philosophical remark is to apologise for the fact that I have but little to say about my journey. I went to sleep in London, and I may state that I woke up in Paris. Anybody who keeps note of the weather will remember that throughout the month of May we suffered from cold winds and chilly rain; that we used fires all day, and shivered all night; and that it was only in the very last days of the dying month that the summer burst upon us. It was on the

evening of almost our first summer day that I left London. The road from London to Dover, and Calais to Paris, is as well known to me almost as any journey in the world; and the obligation of looking at anything because it is to be seen weighs even less with me there than in other portions of the world. So I slept from the London Bridge Station to the pier at Dover, lay half-sleeping and half-waking on the deck of the steamer as we crossed in a dead calm, got into the carriage at Calais, and woke finally as the train slackened its speed in passing through the suburbs of Paris. One incident, indeed, appertaining to the race, I do recall slumberously. In my carriage there were two of my fellow-countrymen, of a class which most Englishmen shrink from instinctively abroad. I suppose they were second or third-rate betting men. At any rate, the only subject they talked about was the races. When they were awake they swore, when they were asleep they snored, and whether they were more offensive sleeping or waking was a point I could not determine. By some chance, their financial prospects had improved during the journey, or else their economy had succumbed beneath temptation; for, having travelled second-class from London to Calais, they resolved to complete the journey in the first-class. Their *supplement* was seven francs and a half a piece; so, on tendering a sovereign, as they did, they ought of course to have received some ten francs change. The guard, however, who took their measure with great accuracy, counted upon their British impression that there must be the same number of francs as shillings in a sovereign, paid them five francs one after the other, and then skedaddled with the sovereign. Slowly, after reference to a Bradshaw's Guide, my compatriots discovered that they had been swindled, owing to their want of comprehension of what they designated as "this cursed lingo." Thereupon they commenced a furious denunciation of the meanness, rascality, and deceitfulness of the French nation. I have

nothing to say for the guard, who, of course, was a scoundrel; but I have seen foreigners fleeced in as gross a manner in our own beloved country, and of the two I felt rather more ashamed of the deceived than the deceiver; so I refused point blank a request addressed to me as "Mister," to aid in bringing the delinquent guard to justice, and left my companions to carry out their threats of vengeance unassisted. From the faces, however, of the foreigners in the carriage, who, coming from England, understood English, I could appreciate, if I had not understood before, why it is that most unjustly we are disliked upon the Continent.

However, I was at last in Paris, and, as usual, I seemed, in arriving there from London, to have passed into a new phase of existence. It is something more than the sky which the traveller changes in going across the Channel. I have been often asked why, instead of hurrying abroad whenever I have time to spare, I do not visit the beauties of my own land. My answer is that, without entering on the vexed question whether Edinburgh or Dublin is as pleasant an abode as Paris or Naples, in the one case I get change, in the other I do not. If I were a Frenchman, I should feel a great pleasure in travelling through the United Kingdom. Being an Englishman, I want to see new faces, and hear new languages, and eat new dishes. If I am to be in England I had rather stop in London, which, after all, is the best place in the kingdom, not to say in the world; but why should I go to Brighton or Cheltenham to pass through a poorer repetition of my ordinary life? Now, in Paris—or indeed, for that matter, in any place out of the four seas—all is different. Thus, whenever I can get away from London, I feel a longing to go eastwards. I remember an American lady saying to me once, that the one thing she envied us English for was, that we were only ten hours distant from Paris; and, though not allowing that this is the chief advantage possessed by London over New York, I

confess frankly that it is one advantage, and not a slight one.

Here, at any rate, I was in Paris, and the change was far greater than if I had crossed the Atlantic. A long, bright summer day spent pleasantly is my recollection of that day in Paris. I breakfasted, as you can breakfast nowhere else, on the Boulevards. Why, I always wonder, is a beefsteak considered the national dish of England, when France is the only country where you can get it in its real excellence? An English steak is as little like the real French article as the Hottentot Venus is to the original Grecian one. We have plenty of dishes for which English cookery is unrivalled; but a steak is the one thing we cannot manage. However, after this digression, it is enough to say that I really *did* breakfast in company with a friend of mine residing in Paris; then we smoked upon the Boulevards, and sat for hours in the Champs Elysées watching, beneath the cool shade of the trees, the men watering the roads with the portable water-jets; and then we drove to the Bois de Boulogne, and saw the Emperor and the Empress and the "Prince Imperial" returning home to dinner, and followed their example. And somehow, by the time the dinner was over, the long summer day was nearly gone.

Every time that I come back to Paris I see a change there. The London of to-day is very much what I always remember it, only somewhat larger and longer. Every year a new piece of country is annexed to the giant metropolis; and fields, where I can remember strolling not many years before, are covered with squares and streets and terraces. But this is all; there are more houses, and the town remains the same. The heart of the town has known no great change that I can recall. But the Paris of 1863 is another city from that of 1843, when I can first recall it. New streets have sprung up in the very centre of the capital, and the face of everything in it changes like a dissolving picture. The whole quarter near

the junction of the Rue de la Paix and the Boulevards had been transformed as if by magic since my last visit in the winter; and the *Grand Hotel*, in itself, was to me a perfect novelty. Truth compels me to admit that all the talk we hear so much of on this side the Atlantic about the grandeur of American caravansaries is exaggerated. There are a host of great institutions in America, but their hotels are not to compare with those of France; and neither the Fifth Avenue of New York, nor the Continental at Philadelphia, nor the Burnett House at Cincinnati, are to be mentioned in the same day for splendour with the Louvre or the Grand Hotel at Paris, or the Grosvenor at London. However, on the present occasion, the feature that struck me most, as a novelty in Paris, was the extent to which the walls were covered with electioneering addresses. We were then on the eve of the elections, and there was not a spot of blank wall in the Rivoli quarter which was not covered with the manifestoes of Thiers and De Vinck, the chocolate manufacturer and the *protégé* of M. de Persigny. The addresses themselves read to an Englishman wonderfully tame, and very few people in the streets stopped to read them. Indeed, judging from the crowd of lookers-on which his *affiches* collected, a certain M. Bertron, who described himself as the "Candidat du genre humain," was the popular favourite. This gentleman, who appeared to be a harmless enthusiast of a class not unknown on our own side of the water, expressed a benign desire that, for the benefit of humanity, he should be returned at the head of the poll in every department of France, in which event some unknown benefit would accrue to the universe. Then there was also a bran-new manifesto from the Prefect of the Seine, urging the shopkeepers of that fashionable district to vote for the Ministerial candidates, because the return of the Opposition members would create an impression of public affairs being unsettled, and drive away foreigners from

Paris. Certainly, they do manage things differently in France. Fancy the Lord Mayor issuing an address to the electors of London, telling them not to vote for an Opposition candidate, as it might affect the prospects of the season. At the same time, I own, there was no appearance of any external excitement about the elections. The result of the poll showed that there was a very strong feeling on the subject amongst the Parisians; but on the day preceding the contest, in which the Government was defeated, there was absolutely no stir of any kind visible. Nor, as far as could be seen, was there the slightest interest created by the approach of the great international race, which was to rival the glories of the English Derby. The papers of the day contained no allusions to the great passing event. You might have searched in vain through Paris unless you had gone to the Jockey Club, or to some haunt of English turf-men, to learn the name of the favourite, or of any horse that was going to run; and, as to getting the odds, you might as well have asked for Aladdin's lamp, or the kingdom of Prester John. Indeed, as far as the Parisian mind had gained any definite idea at all about "*les courses*," it consisted in a general impression that the institution was an example of English eccentricities. The *Charivari* was full of racing caricatures, of which one appeared to me to have real wit. A cabman, leading a broken-kneed, spavined hack up to a gentleman-jockey, asks him as a favour to ride his horse. On the jockey's point blank refusal, the cabman turns away with the remark, "And yet they say that the object of racing is the amelioration of the horse!" However, if there was no indication that the French cared about the race, there was every evidence that the English did. The Boulevards, the Palais Royal, and the Arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, swarmed with English of a horsey type. White hats and tight corduroys and cut-away coats astonished the sight of the Parisian *flaneur*, or rather would have astonished it if any British origin-

ality was now capable of doing so. In the evening I went with my friend to the rooms of the French Racing Association, at the Grand Hotel, where all lovers of "*Le Sport*" were expected to gather together. Somehow, if the natives did put in an appearance, they were elbowed out of their own territory by their English friends. The scene was an exact counterpart of what you may see at any of our own betting-rooms on the night before a great race. The company, the language, the oaths, were of home production. The odds were laid in pounds, not in francs; and the only instance I could observe of a transaction in which a native was concerned was that I overheard an unmistakable cockney voice calling "Mr. Markis, I takes any hoddas you likes to lay." From the tone of the reply I gathered that "Mr. Markis," amongst his own people, rejoiced in the name of Monsieur le Marquis. I should say that the amount of bets which were booked was not large, and that what there were owned English parentage.

The day of the great race opened hot and sultry, as Parisian summer days have a speciality for doing. There was no indecorous hurry about the proceedings of the day. We had not to get up at daybreak, or breakfast in five minutes, or travel for hours before we walk the race-course. On the contrary, we rose not over early, sauntered about the streets for a couple of hours, and dropped into the polling-booths, which at that time were almost deserted. A couple of boys hanging about the doors with bulletins; a group of some half-dozen electors giving their votes, or rather inscribing their names for the purpose of voting; a good number of gendarmes and police-officers; these were all the outward signs that a great electoral contest was being waged on which the whole energies of the Government had been exerted. Then towards noon, we called a cab, and drove leisurely to the Bois de Boulogne, walked on as far as the Pré Catelan, and there breakfasted in an arbour at an open-air restaurant as quietly as if we had been a hundred miles from Paris.

But, when we turned out again into

the high-road, and began to make our way to the course, we found at once that the crowd was assembling rapidly. The pleasant roads and footpaths which lead in every direction through the Bois de Boulogne were covered with carriages and pedestrians, all making their way towards Longchamps. There were drags, and mail phaetons, and four-in-hands, and tandems, all looking so very like the original English article that you wondered what it could be that made these at the same time look so very different. To an English eye, there is always a want of finish about a foreign turn-out; but, I suspect, an impartial observer, not influenced by our conventional prejudices, and taken alternately to the Bois de Boulogne and the Ring, would consider the former presented a finer exhibition of horses and carriages than the latter. The taste may not be perfect, but anything more gorgeous than the equipages and trappings and liveries of French "carriage-people" under the Empire I have never witnessed. In the days of Louis Philippe, private carriages in Paris were few and shabby. Certainly, the coach-builders and horse-breeders, if no one else, have cause to be grateful to the hero of the "Coup d'Etat." As far as the eye could reach, there was one unbroken line of carriages wending towards the races, but yet a sight more unlike an English "going to the Derby" you could not well conceive. The notion of anybody driving a horse, or chaffing the bystanders, or throwing kisses to the servant-maids, appeared utterly incongruous to the scene—everything was quiet, dull, and decorous. A large family-party, consisting of father, mother, grown-up sons and daughters, and children in arms, were playing ball with a great india-rubber globe, as they walked down to the course. Imagine a respectable English tradesman playing ball in public with his children on the road to Epsom!

At last, emerging from the mazes of the Bois—the most difficult place in the world, by the way, to find your way straight in—we got out at last upon

the course. Of all racing arenas, it is, I think, one of the prettiest. The long flat valley, in which the races are run, is fringed on one side by the thick woods of the Bois, and on the other by the range of hills, on which stand the forts of Vincennes. There is nothing here of the grand wide expanse of Epsom Downs or Newmarket Heath; but the grounds are laid out so prettily, and the trees and cascades and wind-mills are placed so appropriately, that the general effect is very striking. The immense oval, round which the course runs, is hemmed in by a high paling; and admission within the limits varies, according to the part, from one to twenty francs: but a dense crowd of outsiders were collected along the fence, and inside the multitude was really enormous. What the numbers assembled there may have been, it is idle even to try and guess. I can only say, that the crowd looked to me three times as great as that of a Derby gathering. And what in a Continental crowd was infinitely more remarkable, there were no soldiers placed amongst them to keep order. A few *sergents de ville* kept the course clear; but that was all.

We made our way at last into the stand, which, though the races had not begun, was already crammed, and got seats in front, in what, on an English course, would have been the betting ring, and would doubtless have been so here if there had been anybody to bet, which there was not. Numbers of young *viveurs* had secured chairs on the ground, and were lolling thereon languidly. Numbers, too, of ladies were looking in vain for seats, but they never expected that the men would surrender theirs, or if they did they were wofully disappointed. In truth, in this kind of courtesy, the French are as inferior to the English as we are to the Americans. Whether there is much good in such politeness is a question too wide to enter on, but I do wish that we might be relieved from the conventional delusion, that France is the especial abode of deference to the fair sex. Having at last obtained with difficulty a seat

for a lady who formed one of our party, my friend and-I wandered forth across the course into the neutral ground, where the carriages were drawn up, and the various fractions of the *demi-monde*, from the half to its lowest division, were to be found. For here, at any rate, Perdita and Anonyma were not seen side by side with the respectable portion of the female community. In the stands there was nobody whose dress and demeanour were not those of persons within the pale of society. Across the gulf of the ropes the pony-carriages were to be met with, half-covered with the dresses of their fair occupants, and Mademoiselle Lais, and Madame Asphrasie displayed their charms in all their mock glory. But even here there was an air of quiet, which redeemed the spectacle from the vulgarity a like scene has with us. There were no gipsies singing doubtful songs, no popping of champagne corks, or shouting or swearing. Not a party, that I could see, were taking luncheon, and not a person that I met was drunk. And, when we passed into the outer and lower crowd, where the soldiers in undress uniform, and the *bonnes* and students and *grisettes* were congregated, there was the same absence of noise or merriment. Tumblers, mountebanks, owners of Aunt Sallies, skittles, bagatelle boards, and all the hundred more or less disreputable purveyors of public amusement who haunt our English courses, were absent. There was no entertainment provided of any kind except the racing, and that the crowd did not care twopence about. In all our wanderings we could not overhear a single remark about the race. The sole attraction which seemed to have brought people out was the desire of seeing a great crowd and a "grand spectacle." However, there was one amusement which would be a novelty in England. A company of Spahis, who had escorted the Emperor, exhibited a display of amateur racing for the entertainment of the crowd. At Paris these wild African troops were still a novelty, and it would be long before any European people be-

came accustomed to them. With their white turbans, their red bournouses, their dark swarthy faces, and their fierce, cruel look, they seemed an anomaly amidst that quiet, well-dressed multitude. They were mounted on small Arab horses, looking so little that you wondered how they could support the weight of the high-peaked arm-chair saddles placed upon their backs. The Spahis rode wonderfully, but to me the sight was not a pleasant one. Each of them wore long, sharp-barbed spurs, a foot or so in length, with which he continuously prodded the flanks of the unhappy horse that bore him. There was scarcely a horse whose sides were not stained with blood, and the mystery to me was how the steeds did not go mad with pain and excitement. The Spahis raced in pairs, joining hands together and shouting, or rather yelling, with an unearthly scream. As an equestrian show, their racing was a very wonderful one, but altogether they were not quite canny to look upon; and, if I were a Parisian bourgeois, I should always have the feeling that the thing the Spahis would like most would be to be let loose on Paris and gorge themselves in the blood of its citizens. If there should be another *coup d'état*, and this African body-guard should be called on to restore order, Heaven help those who come across their path!

When we returned to our places, the Imperial party had taken up their places in the royal stand. Of course, everybody's eyes turned at first to stare at the Emperor. He looks older in the last few years, stoops a good deal in walking, and is stouter than when we saw him in England. But the old look of stern resolution still dwells in those strong-marked features. It would require the most powerful evidence to make one believe that the man to whom God has given such a countenance is, as Mr. Kinglake asserts, a coward. He stood for an hour together at the front of the box, looking at the crowd, except when some one spoke to him, when he turned his back to the course. Any-

body, out of the hundreds of thousands that gazed upon him, who happened to be a moderate shot, and to have been careless of his own life, might have ended the career of Napoleon III. in half a second. He knew this, of course, and yet his face was as calm and good-humoured-looking as if he had been the most insignificant of Jacques Bonhommes, who had come down to see the race. The Empress was there, standing much of the time by the Emperor's side, looking still almost as young and pretty as when she first attained her dangerous dignity. She has not acquired that indifferent self-possession which we ourselves reckon essential to the majesty of royalty; and she skipped to and fro, and laughed and gesticulated, in a way which is pretty enough in a young woman, but which we hardly consider queen-like. In fact, if I must speak the truth, I cannot say that the appearance of the whole imperial party was aristocratic. The Leicester Square element seemed unusually preponderant, and both ladies and gentlemen had an unmistakeable Stock Exchange air about them. However, possibly, this impression, like many others, may arise from a preconceived notion, for, when I had the King of Portugal and the Duke of Brabant pointed out to me amongst the number, I cannot say that I discovered anything in them to mark them as standing apart in demeanour from their companions.

Then, at last, after one or two insignificant races, the bell rang, and the course was cleared for the Grand Prize of Paris. The horses were brought out accompanied by a crowd of admiring Englishmen, and, from the conversation of those around us, it became clear that *La Touques*, the French mare, was the popular favourite. Indeed, about the result of this race there was some genuine excitement in the crowd. It was not that the French cared the least about the racing, but they conceived that the national honour was in some way concerned in the French mare beating her English competitors. My companion, in the discharge of his

duties as a newspaper correspondent, was anxious to learn the odds given before starting; but not a Frenchman whom we met could give us the slightest information on the subject, nor did we hear a bet made. Being, as I have confessed, no judge of horse-flesh, I shall make no attempt to describe the appearance of the horses. They all looked very handsome; and, if I had been betting, and had had to go by my own unassisted judgment, I think I should have put my money on a horse of the King of Italy's, which never showed at all in the race. Then the bell rang, and an Englishman shouted "They're off!" and the crowd kept on smoking and chattering unconcernedly, till finally we heard the well-known thunder of the horses' hoofs as they came trampling on; and then two horses dashed by us, and we waved our hats to the jockey, whom we believed to be riding the English horse, and the numbers went up, and we found that Mr. Saville's *Ranger*, who was not the first English favourite, had won the grand prize, *La Touques* being only second. The Frenchmen round us seemed extremely annoyed, not that they had lost their money—they had no bets to lose—but they disliked a French horse being beaten; and, also, they obviously considered that the fact of so large a sum as one hundred thousand francs of money being taken out of the country was a personal injury to themselves.

As soon as the race was over, a score or so of English betting men, who, I have no doubt, had won their money, as they had no faith in the mare, worked their way to the front of the stand, and waved their hats, and gave three loud British hurrahs for the Emperor and Empress. Whether the demonstration was understood by the crowd I cannot say, but it certainly elicited no response on their part. However, the object of this applause was obviously gratified, and bowed repeatedly in answer to it. Whatever the Emperor may have lost upon *La Touques*, his good humour was clearly not affected by his losses. From where we stood we could see him

and the Empress paying their bets in glittering Napoleons to the different ladies of the court. But perhaps, if you had a national exchequer to draw upon, you would bear your private losses with remarkable equanimity.

Then there was a movement in the royal party, and we went round to the entrance of the stand to see the Emperor drive home. The equipages were the finest I have ever seen, and the royal carriages mingled freely amongst the crowd of vehicles which blocked up the roads leading to Paris, taking their chance with the others. Altogether, the first celebration of the great French international race was a brilliant success; but, great as is my faith in the ability of the Napoleons to carry out their will, I have no belief that the Emperor will ever indoctrinate the French with a love of racing, unless, indeed, lady-jockies should be introduced, as they were years ago, at the Hippodrome. Racing is a mere excuse for gambling; and, as the French are not a gambling nation, they never will take to "Le Sport," except as a passing fashion.

Then came a pleasant dinner after the day's work, and a pleasant journey in the summer evening through the country that lies between Paris and Creil, and then a long sleep till we reached Calais. On the boat I fell in with a number of English book-makers of the baser sort, who had been, like me, to see the race. They were travelling all night to be in time for Ascot, and then they had to go on, as soon as that was over, to Newton or somewhere else; and their whole life seemed taken up by travelling from place to place, and bawling out the odds till they were hoarse, and cheating each other, and performing a series of small rascalities. It is a bad business, but it must bring its own punishment in the necessity it involves of associating night and day with such a lot of blackguards. There are black sheep enough in France; but as yet the genuine professional betting man is not naturalized there. If the result of the Imperial taste for racing should be to rear and breed him there, I do not know that France will have much cause to be grateful.

DEATH OR LIFE IN INDIA.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

WHAT should men say to a ministering spirit who, amidst the desolation of a plague-stricken city, should open a prospect, not far off, of a region where all was bright and healthful; the people cheerful, robust, and busy, their homes full of comfort, and their fields of produce, and their children of promise? What should men say to a wise observer of the world's doings who, on a day when slaughter, tortures, and wounds and camp-pestilence seemed to be carrying off the best manhood of half a dozen nations, should tell of another day at hand when, in a wide region inhabited by hundreds of millions of people, such a saving of life and rescue from sickness should begin as no age or country had

ever yet witnessed? Such gratitude as men might feel for such consolations we may feel now towards the benign spirits which have, within the last month, opened to us the assurance that the fearful mortality in our Indian armies may be precluded in the future, and that there are means by which the chief miseries of the soldier's life in India may be turned into satisfactions and pleasures.

Those who are aware under what circumstances this service has been rendered cannot approach the subject without something more than gravity, nor open the report which lies before me without almost a dread of learning how much has been done for us by two

or three benefactors to whom we can never more speak of our gratitude.

From the time when Miss Nightingale was cut off by insurmountable sickness from her hospital service, she devoted herself to such labours on behalf of the public health—and particularly the health of the army—as she could carry on at home: and she wrought diligently, as Sidney Herbert's coadjutor, till he sank under his burdens of toil and anxiety, and died. To them we owe the appointment of the Commission to inquire into the facts and conditions of the health of our army in India, the report of which has been received with so deep an interest in Parliament, and by readers elsewhere, who know the difference between some blue-books and others. Few blue-books have ever been received as this is and will be. The thought of Sidney Herbert's monument being opened and this monumental work of his disclosed in the same week, and of Florence Nightingale's devotedness in doing her share of such a work in pain and weakness, and of Dr. Alexander, the mainstay of their hopes for the carrying out of their reforms, is enough to make us as heavy-hearted in entering upon the contents of this book as its disclosures seem to require: and the comfort and relief and hope with which we finish the study of the report itself are solemnized by the impression that they are a bequest from benefactors who have sacrificed themselves in getting together such legacies to leave us.

It was in May, 1859, that the Commission received its credentials; and how well it performed its work may be judged from the fact that, though it lost some of its chief members by death and other causes, it had collected and arranged its enormous wealth of facts so long ago that Parliament has reason to complain that it was not furnished with the report last session, or at the beginning of the present, as promised. If public opinion and feeling are roused as they ought to be by the new disclosures, they will see that the needed reforms are not delayed through official

opposition, nor tampered with by jobbers in high places, as Sidney Herbert's best projects and most approved regulations have been at home. It is a misfortune that this laying open of the life of our soldiers in India was not granted to us in February instead of July; but, now that we are all enabled to form an opinion, and to give a definite shape to our will, as to saving the lives of thousands of men in India, and the health and spirits, the morals and manners, of tens of thousands more, we must let it be seen that we are not careless about such a duty. While in America and Poland, and Mexico and China and Cochinchina, the loss of life has become appalling to the staidest imagination, we have an opportunity of willing and obtaining some sort of compensation by taking care that the mortality in India is reduced by five-sixths, as we now know that it may be.

By following the career of the Indian soldier, through the scenery of this wonderful mass of evidence, we may most easily see, and most thoroughly understand, how and why he is doomed to know health no more—and either to die early or live in chronic suffering, unless he has the rare advantage of being under a wise and bold commanding-officer, and in circumstances which will allow fair-play to the wisdom of his colonel. By following the destiny of an average soldier through the common scenes of Indian military life, we can best learn how much a wise officer really can do, and what power it is that should come into action when his will not avail.

All sorts of youths may be found among the recruits who are under drill in preparation for going to India. There are Scotchmen, generally able to turn their hands to some profitable occupation, if opportunity offers; there are Irishmen who don't want anything beyond being soldiers, and who neither pine in *ennui*, like the Scotch, nor desert like many English, who would be thought beforehand the least likely to abscond. Of the English there may be many sorts, between the accomplished artisan or tradesman, who has become a soldier by

some accident, and the vagabond, who regards the army as a refuge for the destitute. Unlike in other respects, all these young men agree in one important matter. They are picked men in regard to their bodily vigour and their chance of life. They are of the sort of whom, living under commonly favourable conditions at home, eight in a thousand would die annually. Henceforth we shall know that, unless we do our duty by them, they will die in India at the rate of sixty in a thousand yearly.

We will choose from the group a country youth of nineteen or twenty, the son of a labourer, well pleased to leave his work on the squire's farm for the idle and showy life of the army. The surgeon has passed him, as free from disease and bad tendencies of body; his stature is sufficient, his chest is wide enough, and so on. At the *dépôt*, he finds his drill abundantly tiresome; and he begins to have misgivings about his new vocation before a quarter of a year is over. His mind is relieved by the news that he and his comrades are going out to India. He has heard old soldiers talk of their Indian service, in the style in which elderly people talk of their early days; he has heard them say that they liked their Indian service best: and he never doubts that he shall like his, and shall boast of it to youngsters when he is a veteran. There is nobody to tell him that so poor are the chances of life in that service, that not one-fourth of the troops there are veterans of even ten years' standing. Even that trustworthy body, the heart and mind of our force in India, is precarious in one sense. It is worn and weakened by its long residence there. The longer Europeans stay there, the less able they become to withstand the causes of disease. His superiors have yet to learn that it is wrong to send out any but well-grown and fully-matured men, thoroughly up to their work; and he departs, supposing it all right that he should go to grow into manhood at sea and in foreign parts, and to finish his drill-practice in India.

Here is the first failure of duty to the soldier: and the home authorities are answerable for it.

So they are for the next. The transport-ship is, perhaps, good, and in good hands. The men may be tired and restless on board; but they have nothing to complain of. Yet, if they knew it, they have. Considering the idle and inactive life they lead, they have too much solid food; and there is the loss of a good opportunity of weaning them from their habit of eating meat, largely every day, before they land in a climate in which their lives will probably depend on their reducing their meat-diet considerably, and eating a much larger proportion of vegetables and fruit. Our young soldier thinks more of meat than his officers can imagine; for they were not brought up to think a bit of bacon on Sundays a treat, and meat on Christmas Day a thing to be thought of for months beforehand. After cramming himself on shipboard, he will bend his energies on shore to getting meat three times a day—pork or bacon bought from natives who have employed the pigs as the scavengers of the bazaars. An even greater mistake in regard to the voyage is serving out spirits to the soldiers. For this there is no reason and no excuse. From the moment of landing in India, every soldier should understand and believe that spirits are simply poison, unless in such doses as the doctor may give: but, instead of any preparation for temperance, the recruit meets, on board ship, his first introduction to spirit-drinking. In the monotony of sea-life, he learns to look forward to his grog as the treat of the day; and, when he lands in a country where all is strange, it is his familiar luxury, from which he cannot be expected to abstain on a mere general sanitary warning—if even he receives that. This is the foundation of the largest proportion of liver diseases, of which so many die.

Here he ceases to be under the charge of the Home Government. What next?

All that he has to depend on hence-

forth is, as the Report says, "the wisdom of the commanding officer. The highest degree of that "wisdom" can save him from only a small proportion of the perils of Indian military life; and that in a desultory and haphazard way; and there is at present no other resource. It is the practical aim of this inquiry and Report to procure the institution of a system, administered by an adequate authority, which shall preclude these perils for the future.

If our soldier is landed at Calcutta, and remains there, as is usual, till his destination up the country is fixed, he is plunged into bad air, and every sort of bad influence, foul bazaars, markets of foul food, temptations from foul drinks and the like; and there is no authority by which he can be sent on at once to some country station.

This ruinous stage passed, what sort of station is he to inhabit? It may be an old barrack; or it may be a new camp. In the latter case the "wisdom" of his commanding officer may do something for him: in the former it is of no avail.

The evidence before us proves a fact of the very highest importance: that a combination of three elements is requisite to generate the four zymotic diseases which occasion the whole extraordinary mortality in India—viz. fevers, dysentery, liver complaints, and cholera. Where in England 10 per 1,000 die to 67 per 1,000 in India, 58 of the 67 deaths have been from these four kinds of disease: and these are all due to a combination of the three elements referred to. These elements are heat, moisture, and decaying vegetation.

The heat cannot be helped. It may be, in great measure, guarded against by enlightened prudence; but it cannot be precluded. Happily, it is not at all destructive by itself. One of the truths, established by the evidence is, that there is nothing in the mere climate of India which need shorten life. Army pensioners, living in airy bamboo cottages on dry-ground, in the hottest part of the Deccan, attain as good an old age as they would in England: and this,

though it is untrue that residents become acclimatised, as the world has been apt to suppose. The medical testimony is as strong as can be that every year diminishes the power of resistance to disease in the residents of India; so that a five years' term of service is the longest that our soldiers should be subjected to, unless they elect to spend the rest of their days there: yet, when they have the sense to arrange their mode of living wisely, they will not die from the heat.

The moisture cannot at once, nor speedily, be helped; for the entire soil, which is not parched into dust, is watery. Round all barracks, all camps, all stations of every sort, there is a wet subsoil; and no effectual drainage, except in spots too few or too small to affect the practical question. The third condition—decaying vegetation—is almost equally prevalent.

What can the commander's "wisdom" do in such a case? If his regiment occupies barracks, what can he make of them? He did not build or select them. If they are on low ground, his heart may well sink; for all the evil influences are certainly present. If they are high above the sea-level, they are, more likely than not, on ground below the surrounding soil, so that they might as well be in the plain. If they are beside a river, its flow carries past an endless stream of poisons, in the dead bodies of man, beast, or plants; and the margin reeks with the gases of putrescent vegetation. If they are on the seashore, the windows may be all turned from the sea, and nothing but dead walls presented to the breeze. Sir Charles Trevelyan found certain barracks on the shore at Madras, surrounded by a wall so high as to make the air stagnant within. Sickness and death were supreme in command there, till he turned them out. He had the wall lowered six feet; and caused sundry windows and doors to be opened; and the immediate improvement in the health of the inmates astonished everybody. The relief was not without pain; for it was a piteous thought that gene-

rations of British soldiers had pined and died there for lack of the sea-breeze which was blowing on the wall every day.

The wise commander may probably find the sleeping apartments on the ground floor, over an undrained soil, and embosomed in the fog which shrouds the place morning and evening. These sleeping-rooms are probably large enough to lodge a hundred men, or more; whereas the sanitary officers declare that there are no known means of supplying a sufficiency of fresh air for more than a fourth of the number in one apartment. If every soldier is to have his twelve or fifteen hundred cubic feet of air, the men must be divided into small parties in their lodgings. Their commander may contrive that they shall sleep on the second or third floor; but he has no means of dividing them into small sleeping parties. And so on, throughout the long series of perverse arrangements, instituted before sanitary knowledge existed.

If he has to encamp his men, what then? The choice of the ground lies with himself, the doctor, and the engineer. They *may* muster wisdom enough among them to look to the elevation, the character of the subsoil, the facilities for drainage, the condition of the surrounding vegetation, and the quality of the nearest water: but this is a chance, and a very rare one. There are no proper officers to undertake the business; and hitherto there have been no acknowledged principles on which to proceed. There is as yet no sanitary authority accompanying the regiment by which the levelling of the ground, the draining, the ventilation of the tents, the removal of nuisances, and the provision of pure water may be secured. For want of such an authority, our young soldier may find himself breathing poisonous gases from some neighbouring swamp, or stifling for want of fresh air because the jungle bars the path of the winds. He may imagine, as many still do at home, that it is the medical officers' business to look to these things; but this is a mistake, now practically acknow-

ledged by the home authorities. Physicians and surgeons are educated for the treatment of disease and bodily injuries, and not for the management of healthy bodies; and it is, in fact, found that they are often less fit for this sanitary office than other men.

Our young soldier finds himself, ere long, living in barracks. If there is brick, there is damp: if there is wood, it is more or less decaying. One way or another, there is always a bad smell. In the daytime every whiff of air brings it from without; and at night it is far worse, from so many people sleeping under one roof. If there is no verandah, the heat of the sun on the walls is intolerable; and, if there are verandahs, they are occupied, and the air comes to those within poisoned with the breath and perspiration of the ranks outside. When he rises in the morning he finds the floor damp; and when he looks out of the window he can see nothing for the fog.

If he wants to refresh himself after a feverish night by a wash, he finds it no easy matter. There may or may not be a room for the purpose. If there is, it is the dampest and darkest in the place, and he finds only iron basins standing on stone shelves, which admit only of the mockery of a wash. And what is he to do for water? If there is any at hand it is stagnant, and smells badly, and he finds he must get a native water-bearer to bring him a skinful. This he pours over him; and this is the best he can hope for. Once or twice in his career he may fall in with a good bath-room, or a plunge-bath, or even a warm-bath, which he may use; but he has probably grown careless, in the absence of any supervision of the state of his skin. This is so common that it is a point much urged by some of the witnesses that a bathing-parade should be a regular institution—the men bathing daily in squads, so that every one should have his turn twice a week. It may be hoped that this will come to pass in time; but it is not yet within the determination of any "wisdom" on the spot, for the apparatus, as yet,

exists in few or no barracks ; and, if it did—what of the water supply ?

Water, for any or all uses, must come in one of three ways—by tank, or well, or river. Let us pass by the tank with its horrors. The well-water corresponds essentially with the condition (as to dead vegetation, decaying granite, &c.) of the surrounding soil.

In both cases the water is stagnant ; and in both it is liable to contamination from many causes. There is more hope from river-water ; but nothing can be more uncertain. The bare thought of drinking from the Ganges is enough, knowing what we do of what is put into it ; and the purity of a mountain stream, or of an unfrequented river, is a rare and a diminishing privilege. A good commander may find means to filter water, and to ice it, and to give his soldiers more of it ; but neither process gets rid of the worst impurities, and the only effectual proceeding is quite beyond his reach. It is not for him to discover or open up springs in the hills, and bring streams down, fresh and undefiled, to fill pure reservoirs and supply baths and drinking-fountains for his soldiers' use wherever they may be halted. Miss Nightingale tells us (vol. i. p. 348) that "Madras and Wellington are literally the only stations where anything like lavatories "and baths, with proper laying-on of "water, and proper draining it off, is "known, either in barrack or in hospital." We may see what kind of authority is needed to secure this primary condition of health. It would expedite the procuring of such an authority that everybody should see the woodcuts which illustrate Miss Nightingale's sage, sound, and witty commentary on the evidence. At p. 351, water-supply and drainage in India are represented in two portraits of Hindoos—the one, a bheestie bearing a water-skin ; and the other, a mehter wielding a little broom, and carrying a little basket, and standing by a jar, by means of which he is to remove such of the offal and liquid filth of a garrison as

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will not disappear by suction of the soil or evaporation in the air.

Of the general arrangements, there remain the food, the dress, the regimental duties, the hospitals and sanatoria, the disposition of the soldier's time, and the general laying out of his life. Over these I must pass rapidly, in order to notice the yet more important subject of the soldier's care of himself.

Our young soldier is fortunate in not having reached the recruiting age till the most essential reforms had been carried out in the soldier's dress. From veterans and pensioners he may hear terrible things of former sufferings and death, from heavy helmets compressing the forehead in an Indian noon ; and from tight, scarlet clothing compressing the limbs, black stocks compressing the throat, and stiff belts compressing the chest ; and he may be thankful that he wears looser, lighter, and more pervious clothing, and a head-covering which really protects him from the sun. The shoes and boots are still a grievance, from the misery and mischief of a tight or galling fit on the march. This evil will follow the rest, no doubt ; and we have an admirable guide in the French, who show the world how an army should be shod. So we may pass on to the food.

The Commissariat of the Indian service was pronounced, after the test of the mutiny, to be the best ever known in the world. On the longest, the most sudden, and the most rapid marches of the largest bodies of troops, or the most uncertain numbers, no man or horse ever went without a meal, or had to wait unreasonably long for it. Such an achievement was a perfect triumph of ability and knowledge, utilized by organization. The ordinary alimentation of the soldier is a different affair, not very ill managed in India, but susceptible of much improvement. Our young soldier thinks himself ill used when, on settling down into barrack-life, he is warned by the doctor that his meat ration is already larger than is quite prudent ; and that, if he chooses to buy

indulgences for himself, it had better be vegetables and fruit, which are wholesome, and pretty sure to be good of their kind. He has no notion of this, nowever; and out he goes into the bazars, and trusts himself to native cookery, which he hears praised by high and low in barracks. He has little notion what he swallows—fowls which have died of disease, bad eggs, and decaying bacon. He washes these messes down with toddy. He is presently prostrate with dysentery; and all his life, whether he lives a year or half a century, he will say that he never entirely got over his first illness in India.

Here we find the general arrangements merging in the question of "personal hygiene," which is the purpose, aim, and end of all the arrangements, general and special. We may say the same in regard to the disposal of the men's time in barracks or camp.

Our soldier comes out of hospital an altered man. He had changed a good deal for the worse before his illness; and now, what he has felt, and what he has heard, have not done him any good. The hospital itself was a most uncomfortable place. "A mere makeshift," the Evidence shows us. The commanding officer can only make the best of his means of nursing his sick men, and the means can never be adequate except under a complete organization. There is no need to describe what haphazard hospital management is. Our patient has felt, and still feels, as if he should never again have that sensation of health which he has lost. He has heard also of the dozens or scores of men, once comrades of his hospital companions, who have disappeared, and about whose fortunes there is mysterious talk. They deserted, in fact, unable to endure any longer the dullness of barrack life. There was nothing to stay for, nothing pleasant at present, and no sort of prospect for the future. He has learned that Irishmen do not often desert. Scotchmen, too, contrive (if only they escape the drink) to find something to do, and some way of making money.

The Englishman who had been a rural labourer does not know very well what he can do if he absconds; and our youth, therefore, does not fancy that he can desert, if he becomes ever so wretched. That luck is for the artisans. They tell, in sulkiness or passion, what they could once earn, and how they could lay by from week to week, before they were such fools as to enter the army. These are the fellows who disappear, to the envy of many who stay behind. They can make their way by their handicraft anywhere; and, except the mere vagabonds who enlist only to desert with whatever they can lay their hands on, these artisan-soldiers desert in greater numbers than any other class. If our youth happens to have heard that the desertion from the British army amounted to upwards of 20,000 in a year, and that the whole expense caused to the nation by such desertion was reckoned at 2,000,000*l.*, he may think that he may as well have his turn, and try his chance; and he comes back to duty with some such notion in his head. Though he is quite miserable enough, the poor fellow does not do it. He has not strength, nor spirit, nor knowledge of the country; so he goes on, day after day, sinking in health, spirits, and character. He hates the morning parade; yet there is nothing to do after breakfast that he likes better. He cannot go out when the sun is hottest; so he creeps into his cot, and mopes there, as most of his comrades are doing. When he can go out, it is under a craving for drink, and drink leaves him helpless in bad hands, and drags him into other intemperance, so that he is soon in hospital again. And so proceeds his miserable life. When he rallies, it is on occasion of a march; no matter how hard and hot a march, it does him good. The medical testimony is, that the men are never so near a condition of health as on a long march.

If such a chance *should* befall him as coming under the rule of a commanding officer of eminent "wisdom," he may yet be saved. There is talk of work-rooms, in which any craftsmen who

wish it may exercise their trades, and make some money, to lay by in the regimental savings-bank. And there is talk of gardens for any who know how to manage them. There may be some doubt about how to sell the products of the work-rooms ; but there can be none about the sale of any garden crops. Many of the poor fellows are too lazy, too disheartened, too far gone in dissipation, to feel any desire to work : but, if our young soldier has ever hankered after his old occupation, he will be delighted to handle the spade again, and cheered by the thought of seeing growing crops of his own again, or of receiving wages once more for his work upon the soil. As it is necessary to his obtaining leave to work for himself that he should have thoroughly learned his regimental duty, he goes with fresh spirit to his drill, puts his mind into his routine business, and becomes a full soldier through getting leave to be a half-gardener.

It is impossible to speak too seriously of the responsibility of a commanding officer who, by any effort, might provide occupation for his men, and shrinks from the experiment. Reading-rooms, with innocent games and harmless refreshments, are a great boon : so are gymnastic parades ; but an industrial field is better ; and best of all is a provision for all the three. If he has the blessed fortune to be under an enterprising, benevolent, and sensible commander, our young soldier may yet have a chance of so far retrieving himself as to obtain self-respect within, and a good character in his regiment. If, further, he should at length make a respectable marriage, his chances of life and health are doubled ; and the time may come when, living in a well-thatched and airy cottage, such as is frequently provided for reputable married couples, he may find life in India so far agreeable, that he will make up his mind to settle there for the rest of his days, when he has done his duty as a veteran soldier, and has thereby earned a right to dispose of his latter years as he pleases.

Such a survey as this of the existing state of military life in India indicates

very plainly that the grand deficiency is the absence of any central authority by which the general conditions can be arranged and controlled. One phrase occurs so often in the Evidence, that it might have been stereotyped by the printers. All manner of witnesses say, on every sort of topic, "Much depends on the commanding officer." True as this is, the greater truth which lies behind is, that, much as a generation of wise commanders may do, there is very much more that is altogether out of their power. A glance at the RECOMMENDATIONS at the close of the *Report* shows this. Of the long list of desirable things to be done, there is not a tithe which the wisest and most energetic military officer can touch, or even approach. Once more, then, what is to be done ?

The closing Recommendation relates to this.

The reform of the army has advanced so far in England, that the administration at home must naturally be taken as the guide of any analogous institution elsewhere. While, therefore, it is indispensable to establish a ruling authority in India, it is also necessary that such an authority should be in close co-operation with the Commission at home.

The Commission at home has worked for five years with excellent effect. It consists of a council of members who represent, with the purely military function, the medical, the sanitary, and the statistical departments of the service. To these it is now proposed to add two members on behalf of the India service, who, by study of the system of reformed administration, may be qualified to guide the Indian army administration till the Commissioners there have become thoroughly qualified for their work.

The India Commissions should be three—one for each Presidency. Not only are the circumstances of climate, native population, &c. very different in the various Presidencies, but the Commissions will have such an amount of work on their hands, that a smaller provision of workers would be altogether inadequate to the demand for their

labours. There is every reason why they should take care of the general health, as well as that of the army ; and the civil element must, therefore, be represented as well as the military. The elements are to be "civil, military, engineering, sanitary, medical ;" to which we trust will be added, for the sake of future generations, the statistical. Under this authority there need be—there must be—no more unhealthy stations, or stupidly-arranged barracks. As if to clear the way, many of the bad barracks were burnt in the mutiny. We ought to be shown now how much has been learned since they were built. Towns and bazaars must be purified and ventilated ; there must be a flow of pure water

wherever men congregate ; and the law must give its sanction to all measures essential to the public health. Such a redemption as this ought to be accelerated by the strongest force of public opinion at home, acting upon Parliament, and upon the War-office, and upon the Minister for India, and his colleagues in the Cabinet. If all parties would do their duty now, under the impression of the new and appalling disclosures of this Report and its evidence, the epidemics, and other gratuitous diseases which constitute the special mortality of our great dependency might be annihilated, and the fearful question of death or life in India would be happily solved.